

FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 11, 1971

TIME

**THE
NEW**

SPY



Cartier trusted the cleaving of a diamond now worth \$125,000 to the ride that's steady as a rock. 1972 Mercury.



July 7, 1971. In an actual demonstration for a TV commercial, a rough diamond worth \$50,000 put Mercury's outstanding ride to a critical test.



Mr. Josef Briffel of Cartier's, New York, is about to cleave the gem in the rear seat of a moving Mercury Marquis. Will the ride be steady enough?



We chose a rugged test site: Dyckman Street, where it's rough, uneven, paved with cobblestones. Our speed at the critical moment: 35 mph.



At 1:51 PM, the mallet strikes. Hit precisely, the diamond could more than double in value. The slightest mistake, it's worthless powder.



A perfect cleft! Two beautifully formed pieces are ready to be polished. The smaller gem is 4.75 carats. The larger stone an impressive 9.02 carats.



The finished jewel (actual size): this magnificent \$125,000 Cartier diamond—an elegant reminder of Mercury's smooth, steady ride.



Mercury Marquis Brougham (shown) includes as standard equipment a 429 cu. in. V-8, automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, power windows, and vinyl roof. Hi-Back Twin-Comfort Lounge Seats and cornering lights (shown) are optional.

All this, plus the most distinctive styling in the medium price class. And the ride that has been demonstrated in test after test as one of the finest in the world.

Test Mercury's ride yourself, at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

A vintage advertisement for Mercury cars. The main image shows a dark blue Mercury convertible parked on a city street. In the background, two police officers in uniform stand next to a man in a suit who is holding a black briefcase. They are positioned in front of a building with a large, ornate door and a sign that reads "Cartier". The car's front features a prominent chrome grille and a license plate that says "DM-7403".

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 

PPG: the chemical maker.



PPG solvents clean almost everything from clothes to metal to memories.

PPG makes chlorinated solvents with exceptional cleaning power.

Perchlor is the choice of most drycleaners because it will clean practically any material, even "gentle" and "wash 'n wear" fabrics. It's also popular because it can be distilled and used over and over again.

In industry, Tri-Ethane® de-greases and cleans metals during production and before finishing. And because of its high purity, it can clean dust, grease, and soldering flux off electronic circuit boards and computer "memory"

components, without harming critical surfaces.

Both Perchlor and Tri-Ethane meet Federal air pollution control standards, and the demand for them is growing. So we'll be ready to fill the need, we're tripling Perchlor capacity at our Lake Charles, Louisiana, plant to over 450 million pounds per year. Our Tri-Ethane production has already been tripled to 175 million pounds a year.

But making large quantities of efficient solvents isn't all we're concerned about at PPG. We sell a broad line of industrial and agri-

cultural chemicals, as well as float, sheet and plate glass, fiber glass, and hundreds of paint and coating products for home and industry.

PPG Industries, Inc., One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

PPG: a Concern for the Future

PPG
INDUSTRIES

The shaver that beat the blades.



Early this year we introduced the new Norelco Tripleheader III. It's the closest, fastest Norelco ever—actually capable of shaving as close or closer than a blade. After using it two weeks, 112 men compared it with the leading chromium and platinum blades. The blades couldn't beat us for closeness. On comfort and lack of irritation, we beat the blades.

The secret is new super Microgroove[™] floating heads. Designed in a revolutionary way, the heads gently press down the skin around each whisker and literally lift it *up* to the rotary blades. So the whisker can actually be shaved off *below* skin level!

The unique Norelco shave. Close but still comfortable. That's how we beat the blades.

Norelco[®]
We beat the blades.

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LETTERS

B.F. Skinner, Pro and Con

Sir: Professor B.F. Skinner [Sept. 20] has put himself on the side of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor and offers us bread for our freedom. His ideas are terrifying because he has hit upon the nerve of truth; man always faces the temptation to sacrifice freedom for security. I for one will defy him and all he stands for to the end. Better death than a living death. He himself would not be tolerated in the world he conjures.

PAUL McHARNES, O.S.B.
Marvin, S. Dak.

Sir: Surely those who characterize Skinner's thesis as "philosophically distasteful and morally wrong" would have said the same about the theories of Galileo or Darwin. Just because an idea is revolutionary does not make it false. This is particularly true in science.

TIMOTHY BAL
North Bergen, N.J.

Sir: Why on earth did you devote a feature story, thus lending a degree of credence, to a weirdo like B.F. Skinner?

He would have us paralyzed with conditioned minds, existing in a controlled environment that bears the most hideous aspects of Huxley's *Brave New World*. Skinner, presumably, would be World Controller, or at least Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning, thus avoiding the consequences he would force upon the rest of us. Right now, a great many people

are trying desperately in their loud or quiet, influential or meek ways to avoid exactly the kind of social-political disaster that Skinner advocates.

JAMES R. LEE
San Francisco

Sir: Apparently the Freudians and the theologians have a talent for speaking about man's dignity and magnificence, which gives them an advantage over B.F. Skinner in capturing popular acceptance. But a tree is best judged by the fruit it bears. The psychoanalysts have had half a century to demonstrate the practical effectiveness of their formulations in solving human problems, and they have been dismal failures.

In the span of a few decades, Skinner's "behavioral technology" has repeatedly proved itself more fruitful than alternatives at improving the human condition. I suggest that the free-will and determinism positions be evaluated in terms of their tangible consequences.

JEFF BATH
Galesburg, Ill.

Sir: B.F. Skinner is right, of course, provided that man was not created "a little less than the angels" but rather just a bit more than the insects.

FRANK G. RIVERA
Los Angeles

Sir: Did your writers read *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*? That we "cannot afford freedom and it must be replaced

with control over man" is beside the point. The message is that there is no such thing as freedom, and what we cannot afford is the continued self-delusion that it exists.

In this haphazard world we are killing ourselves and each other. It would be worth sacrificing the pleasant illusion of freedom if we could be assured that nobody would be using his "freedom" to kill other human beings who somehow couldn't manage the "freedom" to stay alive.

KAT GRIEBE
Twin Oaks Community
Louisa, Va.

Sir: Unfortunately many people like Theologian Rubenstein will respond in much the same manner as Galileo's contemporaries. If Rubenstein calls Professor Skinner's utopian projection the blueprint for the theory and practice of hell, what does he consider war, poverty, racism, overpopulation and pollution to be? Heaven possibly?

It seems to me he may have his values confused! I for one would rather take a chance on Skinner's hell.

(MRS.) LESLIE GISCHEL
Springfield, Ore.

Attica (Contd.)

Sir: How many more massacres like Attica must occur before reasonable Americans demand better solutions to such problems?

Massive, senseless violence on the part of our government officials at all levels is no solution to the violence of some of our citizens. Subsequent cloaking of such

Latest U.S. Government figures show Carlton still lowest in "tar" of all regular filter kings tested



4 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

Do you have an unfaithful watch?

At first you tell yourself, "What's a few minutes off?"

But when you catch your watch cheating on you time and time again, when you're forced to turn to the wrist of some stranger...

That's when you wish you had an Accutron® watch.

Its tuning fork movement is guaranteed to keep it faithful to within a minute a month.*

It can't be led astray, like others can,

by an unbalanced balance wheel.

And it's so loyal that even if you deserted it for months, it would do nothing but lie there and count the seconds until you returned.

Shown: Accutron "247": Polished stainless steel case, Blue dial with matching blue Corfam® strap. Protected against common watch hazards. \$110.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.



Accutron® by Bulova
The true-blue tuning fork watch.

Walk around the world in a morning. Visit the Detroit Zoological park out Woodward and Ten Mile way. Our Zoo not only prides itself on its animals, but on the realistic settings they've built for them to romp in. For instance, if you haven't been out to the Zoo in a while, there's a new Australian area that's springing with kangaroos and such. Zoo's open seven days from 10 to 5, and on Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 6. In the winter, the Zoo's closed Mondays and Tuesdays. And for a feeding schedule, call 388-0800.

Should you take your dog to the flea market? Indubitably, you can't tell what he (or even you) might find that you've both been looking for years. Like the final installment to that story you were reading in the Saturday Evening Post back in '82, or maybe even something frivolous. Sunday only. At Kennedy Square.

Outsiders! You call these weeds outsiders! Let it all out. Buy your next order of groceries at one of Detroit's open air markets. Then if you don't like the price of food you can take your beef directly to the boss: the guy who's selling it to you. Now, of course, this is supposed to be a list of things to do for free, so okay—it's still fun to wander around and watch the people. And along about the middle evening, some of the prices they put on the remaining produce are next to free anyway.

Pewabic Pottery. At the Pewabic Pottery building, of course at 10125 East Jefferson. This is a unique Detroit art form developed by the founder Mary Chase Stratton. The building is open between 9:30 and 4:30 Monday through Friday. Go on in and poke around.

Here's a free activity that just could become expensive. Go on over to Sidney Krandall & Sons Jewelers. It's more than just a jewelry store, featuring displays and such. And the people won't mind a bit if you don't buy anything. But oh, sweet reason, it's hard to walk away empty handed.

Run away to Sea Wednesday through Sunday between 10 AM and 3:45 PM. Visit the Dossin Great Lakes Museum on the South Lake of Belle Isle. There's a whole warehouse from an old freighter, a submarine periscope that works and layer upon layer of lake lore. Hail 567-7441.

Museums with price tags. Take a tour of Detroit's art galleries. There are the J. L. Hudson Galleries, the Arwin Gallery, the Gertrude Kase Gallery, the London Arts Gallery and the Art Candler. Browsers welcome.

Power mad? Take the free Enrico Fermi Power Plant tour. It's really something. Fortunately, there's no free sample at the end, but you'll leave with a real feeling of awe. Imagine, all that power coming from something so quiet. They're open Tuesdays through Saturdays from 10 am to 4 pm. Groups of ten or more, please call. Call 962-2100, ext. 2791.

Send your kids to bed. Take them down to the Detroit Historical Museum and let them see what Detroit looked like years and years ago. They even have a reconstructed cobblestone street inside with shops and everything. It's open daily from 9 am to 5 pm and is closed on Mondays and Holidays. See you yesterday.

Detroit on nothing a day.

Do they sing in Harmonie Park? If not, go on down and do a little boozing yourself. Harmonie Park nests in a very New York looking area of apartments and office buildings. It even fronts on Madison Avenue. It's a lovely, tranquil little park that's surrounded by all kinds of interesting shops, galleries and the lake.

Look, but don't touch. Visit the National Bank of Detroit's Money Museum. It's really interesting. Especially the little trick some South Sea Islanders dreamed up to make stealing their money tough. Each Stone coin weighs 670 pounds. Heads or tails? Do yourself.

Smell flowers all year-round. The Whitcomb Conservatory is open year round on Belle Isle with flower shows that change with the seasons. The place is lovely with poinsettias around Christmas. And the Easter Show is probably the prettiest breath of spring you'll find

Make a deal with the police. Go to a police station. You don't have to buy anything, but it's a lot of fun to see some of the weird stuff that gets confiscated over a period of time. And when the poor little kid is able to buy his first bike for the handful of pennies he's scratched together, man, it beats three viewings of "The Champ." Call 224-4343 for information.

Watch the younger generation go downhill. Watch the annual Soap Box Derby at Dorcas Field at Mound Road and East Outer Drive. Boys and girls up to 15. On your marks, get set, call 962-6570 for information.

Smell flowers all year-round. The Whitcomb Conservatory is open year round on Belle Isle with flower shows that change with the seasons. The place is lovely with poinsettias around Christmas. And the Easter Show is probably the prettiest breath of spring you'll find

Oh, Admit it. When was the last time you went to the art museums? Shame. Especially when it's one of the better art museums in the country. And if you haven't been through the new modern art section, by all means go. It might shake up your notions about what art is. The hours are kind of complex, so better call before you go. 831-0360.

The busman's holiday, Detroit style. Like it or not, Detroit has been built on its assembly lines. And if you haven't seen one, you've missed one of the biggest shows Detroit has to offer: just name your preference: Chrysler, Ford, GM... they all have tours at different times of the week.

Sharks in Detroit. SHARKS IN DETROIT! Sharks, giant sea horses, sea bass, all kinds of exotic fish are waiting to be seen at the Belle Isle Aquarium. It's open daily between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.



Detroit renaissance 70s

But don't bring your beer! If you'd like to get in on a gab fest with some of the young artists around town, come over to the Society of Arts and Crafts and go down into the basement, or nip over to the Common Ground of the Arts. Or try the Scarab Club. Artists abound at these localities and they're always ready for a conversation.

Fill your evenings with music. Not every city has its own symphony orchestra, but fewer still have their own concert bands. The internationally-acclaimed Detroit Concert Band, conducted by Leonard B. Smith, will furnish many pleasant outdoor evenings of great band music. Performances at the Belle Isle Band Shell begin at 8:15 p.m. on July 21, 22, 29 and 30. Or hear them at the Michigan State Fairgrounds Band Shell with 8:15 p.m. concerts scheduled for July 23, 24, 25, 30, 31 and August 1, 6, 7, 8. All free. For program information, phone 886-1981.

Oh! There goes my old car coat! Visit antique row. It's at Hamilton and Six Mile Roads and consists of shops after shop of marvelously dusty stuff. You can spend a whole afternoon here just poking around. Are all newspaper reporters as mild-mannered as Mr. C. Kent?

Oh! Man river do one whole heck of a lot. One of the nicest afternoons we know of is to sit and watch the Detroit River. If you get tired of watching waves and ripples, you always have the big ships and shiny yachts to see. The Detroit River's the busiest international waterway in the whole 'low 'n' world. The only danger of sitting there is that you might get to like it too much.

"Upa!" Explained. Good ol' Greektown down on Monroe street can give you the authentic taste of Albania. There's fantastic bread, special flavored olives, sharp-sweet-sour feta cheese and much, much more. Or just poke around. The shops and cafes haven't rushed anyone since 1937.

Hey, everybody...free beer! No kidding. The Stroh Brewery tour begins with a forty-five minute stroll through the plant (just long enough to work up a healthy thirst) and ends up at the Strohhaus for a drink sampling of the product. No fair getting in line for another tour. Tours leave hourly between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Monday through Friday. Call 961-5846.

Detroit. It's getting better. Getting better all the time.

See tomorrow's art treasures today. Attend the Lafayette Park Art Fair held the weekend following Labor Day at the Lafayette Shopping Center. They have over one hundred booths—full of paintings, sculpture, collage, and art forms not even have names for yet. There are a lot more art shows around town, too. Call the Museum, Wayne State Art Dept., or Arts & Crafts.

Once you pick up this building, it's hard to put it down. One of the best all-time free bargains this city has to offer is a Detroit Public Library Card. It not only opens up literally millions of books for you, it also gives you a reason to re-visit the library itself—a pool of cool calm graced by mosaics and soft-footed women.

Tail a bird. The Audubon Society starts its new fall schedules in September, and you don't have to leave. You can go on and just show up at the various meeting places and bring a lunch. The scenery and woody lore are free. Call 863-6262 for directions.

Another link in our chain of tours. This time it's the Peschke Packing Company, 615 Sherwood. Tours leave at 10 a.m., 12 noon, 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. After the tour you'll have an answer to that burning question: did Yasha really steal the Kiska?

Leave the country. Go to Canada. Sure, the language is pretty much the same, but the life-style isn't. Windsor's no hick town (as you'll soon see in the fancy but low-priced import shops) but there's an ease of life over there that you'll find could be habit-forming, just one note. Be nice to the border guards, and don't tell them you were born in Hong Kong unless you really were.

Move over birds and the bees, here come the butterflies! Did you know that the Monarch butterfly makes en masse on Point Pelee, Ontario? And did you know that thousands of us humans go along just to see 'em? Fortunately the butterflies are too beautiful to rate an "X" time—around the end of October. Call the Ontario Wildlife Commission for specifics, if a moth answers, hang up.

Read a free movie at the library. Every fall, the Detroit Public Library hosts a six-week session of free movies. Some are classics. Some are experimental. They're all interesting. Call 321-1000 for times and titles.

Sound freak if you've never watched the big unimisted hydro-planes race on the river. You've really missed a sensation. The sound is so big, you don't hear it as much as you feel it. The air fairly beats against your face as they gearramp mad. The best free seats are over on Belle Isle, but come early.

And much, much more. After thirty-three years of do-around town, we really haven't scratched the surface. If you'd like a more permanent record of all these things and even more, just drop a line to Detroit Renaissance. They'll send you a booklet entitled "Detroit on nothing a day." It lists many of the activities we have here, plus others, plus a schedule of this year's Ethnic Festivals at the River. And guess what? It's free, too. At this rate, no wonder we think that Detroit is getting better all the time.

Now, for the first time, a nationwide "One Stop Shopping" service that searches-out the finest—MOST DELICIOUS—health foods for you and your family!

These 12 health foods are yours to taste and enjoy... absolutely free!



Accept this invitation from The National Health Food Society to experience first-hand the real benefits of Health Food Living!

POSITIVELY NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANYTHING—EVER! YOU GET ONLY WHAT YOU ASK FOR!

As a Charter Member of The National Health Food Society you'll receive absolutely free our special Health Food Sampler-Set. It's a \$3.95 value, and it's yours free, simply because we want you to find out about a more healthful and natural way of eating—and living!

5 IMPORTANT QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD ASK

(1) What is a "Health Food"?

It's one that's been organically-grown—the old-fashioned way—with no pesticides, weed-killers or fungicides. And no preservatives or chemical additives used during manufacturing and packaging.

(2) Why are health foods good for me and my family?

Because they are free from the chemicals being used so profusely. Even today, we don't know how damaging these chemicals are to our bodies. Organically-grown health foods, on the other hand, are healthful and nutritious because we leave Mother Nature alone to do the work that she does best!

(3) How can I be sure that the health foods you offer are really organically-grown and naturally processed?

Every effort is made to insure just that. We "screen" the health foods, measure the contents of the foods and sift-out the non-qualifying foods. It is our intention to provide the highest quality health foods available.

(4) Why are health foods hard to find?

First, because they're grown in less quantity; it takes more time, care and patience to produce a successful crop of health foods than it does when you have "chemical helpers." And second, because more and more people are now enjoying health foods, thus making them less available.

(5) If they're harder to grow and less available than "regular" foods, how can you provide them at savings?

Because The National Health Food Society is a very large provider of health foods. We have special bulk-purchase agreements with our suppliers that allow us to buy in larger quantities and at lower prices. We pass these savings along to you.

"SOCIETY" MEMBERSHIP ENTITLES YOU TO THESE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES

(1) More Free health foods...

...will be enjoyed by all charter members. You'll participate in a nationwide "tasting-room" and you'll be asked to voice opinions on the many, many Free health foods mailed to you.

(2) A FREE subscription...

...to "The Health Foods Illustrated Guidebook" magazine and catalogue. It's a full colorful magazine from which you may select from

the more than 250 health foods, natural vitamins and organic cosmetics. And learn about the people, places and things of importance in the "ecology and health food world" of today.

(3) Special Value Credits...with each purchase from the "Society."

You can use them to make bonus purchases from our Special Bonus Products Catalogue. You'll save as much as 40% on purchases you make through the "Society."

(4) Arm-chair shopping convenience.

There's no need to hassle the crowded stores and traffic. The "Society" will ship your orders—direct to your doorstep—within 1 day!

Here's your chance to stake a claim in tomorrow! You can tell the "chemically-oriented" food processors and growers that you don't want to eat chemicals anymore! And you can enjoy a more vital, healthful life by treating yourself and your family to many naturally-grown foods and food products. Furthermore, you need no longer pay a premium price for these quality health foods. The "Society's" mass purchasing power brings down the cost of health foods exclusively for its membership.

Your complete, straightforward GUARANTEE

If you're not completely satisfied with your Health Food Sampler-Set, simply advise us within 10 days and we will promptly refund your entire Membership Fee. Your Charter Membership in the "Society" will be cancelled and there will be no obligation on your part whatsoever.

FREE HEALTH FOOD SAMPLER

THE NATIONAL HEALTH FOOD SOCIETY

1615 N. Wilcox—Box 432 • Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

Please rush me the FREE Health Food Sampler-Set along with the newest "Illustrated Guidebook of Health Foods." Also send me FREE health food samples as they become available. I enclose my \$3 Lifetime Membership Fee. This

entitles me to buy at discounts of up to 40% plus a small mailing and handling charge. No purchases are necessary. Not now—not ever. I get only what I order.

TIM-10-11

Name

Address

City State Zip

Convenient "Charge-It" Service Charge the \$3 Lifetime Membership Fee to my credit card.

Check One: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # Exp. Date

Signature

Just when everyone is coming out with their first trash compactor, Whirlpool is coming out with its second.

In 1969, Whirlpool introduced the world's first home trash compactor.

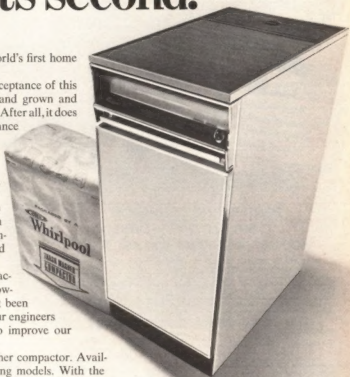
Over the past two years, consumer acceptance of this new household appliance has just grown and grown and grown. Which isn't terribly surprising, really. After all, it does make life a lot easier when you have an appliance right in your kitchen that compresses a week's worth of trash into a neat little bag*.

(For those of you who aren't all that familiar with our Trash Masher compactor, here's how it works: Every time you throw away trash, just open the drawer, drop the trash in the bag, close the drawer and push the button. In 60 seconds, your trash is compressed to one-fourth its original size—and it's sprayed with a deodorizer.)


Anyway, it seems several other manufacturers are jumping on our bandwagon. However, during the past two years, we haven't been sitting back, basking in our own success. Our engineers have been constantly at work on ways to improve our original Trash Masher compactor.

Thus, the 1972 Whirlpool Trash Masher compactor. Available in undercounter as well as freestanding models. With the major components throughout redesigned and retrofitted for better performance as well as simplified service. A sleek one-piece front drawer (with interchangeable panels). And storage space for our special tear-resistant bags located right in the unit (on our freestanding model).

Why buy an imitation of our original trash compactor from somebody else, when you can buy not only the original, but an improved version of the original from us.



New, Improved Trash Masher Compactor.

The Trash Masher Compactor

Invented by Whirlpool
CORPORATION

*Based on a typical week's worth of trash produced by an average family of four.



**The American Express Money Card
was accepted worldwide—
without question—during the monetary crisis.**

**But that's only one reason
to send in the application now.**

For many American travelers who were caught abroad in the August money crisis, the American Express Money Card was the only way to pay for hotels, restaurants, shopping and airline tickets. What's more, at any American Express, subsidiary, or representative office around the world, these travelers could use their Money Card to cash a personal check for up to \$50 in cash or \$450 in American Express Travelers Cheques.

All of which means that if you're going abroad, the American Express Money Card could be as essential to you as your passport.

There are some equally compelling reasons why it's just as useful to you if you're not going abroad.

The Money Card is good at the finest restaurants and hotels almost everywhere; Paris and London to be sure. But also New York, San Francisco, and practically everywhere in

between. It's good at Aspen and Pebble Beach, Maui, Acapulco and Dorado Beach. It can pay for a suite at the Waldorf or a motel room in Montana.

It can buy you a tankful of gas or rent you a shiny new sports car. It can get you a seat on almost every one of the world's major airlines.

And, wherever you travel, a unique network of American Express, subsidiary, and representative offices

can provide you with a wide range of travel and financial services along the way.

Not everybody qualifies for the American Express Money Card. But the ones who do find it invaluable. Find out why. Fill out the application now.

**THE MONEY CARD
AMERICAN EXPRESS
FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL™**

violence in official lies cannot be tolerated. It is time thinking Americans stop the proponents of violence whether they are convicts or prison guards. Murder, even official, will not keep America strong.

WILLIAM J. ROBERTS
Kingston, Tenn.

Sir: Those men were put in prison because they were inhuman and brutal.

B.J. BEALMONT
Depew, N.Y.

Sir: It's a dirty shame that the pay is so low in the workhouse at Attica. If they get a raise, maybe I'll quit working for a bank and rob one instead.

BARBARA A. KNOWLES
Edina, Minn.

Sir: Your writers show a sad lack of knowledge of black literature. The poem that you quoted in your Attica story, supposedly written by an inmate, is actually by Claude McKay, one of the first major Negro poets.

GRACE AMIGONE
Buffalo

► In accepting the handwritten copy as the original work of a prisoner, TIME indeed creed badly.

Perspective on Memorials

Sir: With the ostentatious Kennedy memorial in Washington [Sept. 20] blighting the hallowed Lincoln and Jefferson monuments, let's call a halt to this pharaonic trend. With L.B.J.'s marble spread in Texas, and that 1,500-ft. spine Nixon is probably planning for San Clemente, the self-memorialization indulgence is an om-

inous one. In our democracy, historic perspective delegates memorialization to posterity, not to the whims and vanities of self-aggrandizement.

JOHN KETTLEWELL
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Sir: It is presumptuous for Leonard Bernstein to write about something he does not understand. It is irritating to one who knows and loves the Mass to have it misused and misinterpreted on such a grand and public scale. Bernstein should have given his work another name.

PAT MURPHY
Evanston, Ill.

Missing Names

Sir: Reader Doris Brown's anti-Jewish distortions [Sept. 20] typify blind prejudice.

She has never heard and never will hear of a Jew desecrating a church or a private home, mugging, burning "Christian" stores, looting "Christian" property—in short, she has nothing to fear from the Jewish Defense League.

Jews are numbered quite conspicuously in science, medicine, the arts, entertainment. They are the middle-class of lower-middle-class, retail merchants and manufacturers. Their names are not Morgan, Astor, Ford, Hunt, Rockefeller, Kennedy, Mrs. S. SLATER Margate, N.J.

Running Mate

Sir: To prove that he meant what he said [Sept. 27], shouldn't President Nixon endorse the eminently well-qualified Senator Ed Brooke as his running mate? And what a smashing improvement he would be over the present officeholder!

ARTHUR BALLOU
Lexington, Mass.

Sir: We hope and pray that Senator Brooke will not accept a place on a Nixon ticket should it be offered, since no good could come of such a trick to any underdog group in our distressed land, but only disillusionment and heartbreak.

KIN BOLDIN
Tenancingo, Mexico

Stick to Baseball

Sir: Isn't there a limit to American middleheadedness on Asian policy [Sept. 27]? Your Government propped up Chiang and kept him going at a time when the decent thing would have been to accept the People's Republic of China. Now, when the need is to check China's growing influence on all countries surrounding Asia's only stable democracy, India, your Government is propping up a decaying regime in Pakistan and is getting ready to throw its own Chiang to the dragon, blaming it all on the Japanese, I suppose.

We Asian know you cannot play cricket, but Ping Pong is not your game either. Stick to baseball, Uncle Sam.

S. SIVANAYAGAM
Colombo, Ceylon

Righteous Anger

Sir: Sweden's "embarrassment" over the Solzhenitsyn Nobel Prize [Sept. 13] testifies to the farcical nature of Sweden's "neutrality." One can imagine what sanctimonious rage might flow from Stockholm were the Nobel Prize awarded to, say, a Greek or Spanish writer, and his respective government responded to the honors

à la the Kremlin's response to Solzhenitsyn. One hopes that, even in Sweden, enough righteous anger will be generated to force a more honest policy toward Russia's greatest living literary figure.

WILLIAM M. MARCEAU
Whitesboro, N.Y.

Sir: This Solzhenitsyn, this once-in-tens-of-generations genius, who has suffered so much at the hands of his own government for the offense of producing masterpieces, has now suffered another humiliation, this time by the Swedish government, whose sniveling excuse is the protection of Swedish-Soviet relations.

I expect that the Swedish government's shabby treatment of a great literary figure will go unprotected by its own citizens: there is no Solzhenitsyn in Sweden.

VANVA AVELINO
Manila

Transamazonia

Sir: Your article "Transamazonia: The Last Frontier" [Sept. 13] might more aptly have been headed "Operation Genocide."

Faced with a famished population and refusing to adopt family planning, a government is about to take off the pressure of this seething mass by diverting it into Indian lands, these Indians—who be exterminated within the next 20 to 30 years.

The U.N. will, of course, do nothing about this until the land has been cleared and turned into a desolate wasteland. Then a still famished population, with no further Indian tribal lands to occupy, will doubtless become an object of pity for the U.N., which will then be able to launch yet another Operation Begging Bowl.

K. VIGORS EARLE, M.D.
Dublin

Staying Power

Sir: Factious statements like "armadillos do have their uses: [they] are edible, and their shells can be used to make novelty items" [Sept. 13], are not worthy of your magazine. Armadillos certainly have their uses—as one of the most efficient predators of destructive insects, especially ants. Fortunately, they are hardy and adaptable animals. They were here long before man started to mess around, and they probably will stay on after the last of our species has left for the moon and beyond.

G. STUTZIN
President

National Committee for the Protection
of Fauna and Flora
Santiago, Chile

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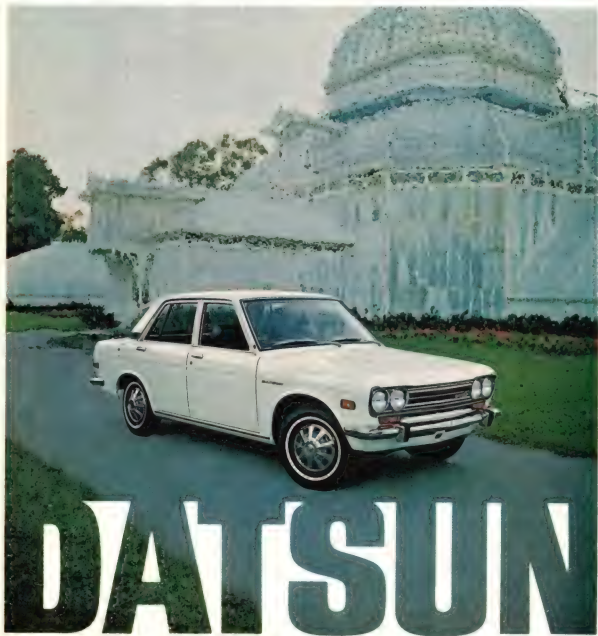
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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE



Simulated television reception on all sets.

How to pick the right color television from Sears or anyone else

All the new sets with all their new features are in the stores.

But the two most important questions to ask about any color set remain the same.

How good is the color?

How easy is the set to tune?

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But these features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain what they're all about. So you'll know exactly what you're getting for your money.

Color and two Sears advantages.

Today, many makes of color TV can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

But some provide it at the expense of background colors. Skies may look green and grass may look blue. Not every time, but enough to annoy you.

Sears solved this problem.

Sears uses Automatic Tint Lock on most

sets. It gives you people that look like people — together with good background colors. (See comparison on opposite page.)

They'll hold true even when you change channels.

If you're particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta or green. With Chromix you can also add blue or brown; for a complete range of colors.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL — keeps your picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL — keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER — keeps colors clear and pure.

Not all brands give you all these features. All Sears sets have them.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is best.

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Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

You'll find an AFC — automatic fine tuning control — on most of the better sets.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on; or flip channels.

Using manual controls, many people can't fine tune their set as well as the Sears AFC can.

Sears automatic fine tuning control is better

Compare Sears best features with other brands.

Features	Sears		Brand A		Brand B		Brand C	
	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No
Automatic Tint Lock	✓							
Automatic Fine Tuning	✓							
Bonded Etched Tube	✓							
Bright Picture Tube	✓							
Wide-Screen Picture	✓							
Instant Start	✓							
Roll Out Control Panel	✓							
Chromix	✓							
Solid State Components	✓							
Services Sets Nationally	✓							

ASK THIS CHART WITH YOU. SKIES YES. SHOP VISIT ANY SEARS STORE FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THESE FEATURES



Sears sets range from less than \$300 to \$1000. These are just 8 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

than many others because it can pull in signals that some others miss.

Sears has AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

In addition, on Sears best console, you'll find that all the important controls are in one panel that rolls out and tilts up at waist-high level so you don't have to stoop. When not in use they hide out of sight behind a decorative front. It's a Sears exclusive.

Like color quality, ease of tuning varies from one brand to another. Some sets are easier to tune than others.

The only way for you to know if a set is easy to tune is to come in, and try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube, solid state, instant start.

The *wide screen picture* enables you to see more of the televised picture than you saw before.

Even though the wide screen picture is relatively new, Sears has it on most sets.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter; making your color picture brighter and clearer.

Sears uses the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. The glare from a light for example.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. You'll get it on most Sears sets.

Solid state means using transistors, diodes and integrated circuits. Sears uses them for greater reliability.

Instant Start means the sound comes on instantly and the picture within seconds. Sears has Instant Start on many of its better sets.



On some color TV's people will look okay—but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.

How good is color on a portable? On Sears sets, it's as good as on a console.

Portables will give you just as good color as consoles. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, they're basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.

You'll find a huge selection of color portables at Sears. Including Sears best 19-inch diagonal measure picture color portable. A set with many outstanding features—including Automatic Tint Lock, Automatic Fine Tuning, bonded etched tube and wide screen picture.

Sears color portables range in picture size from 11 inches diagonal measure to 19 inches. And start under \$200.

Service and selection, Sears is your best bet.

Ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell.

Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

When someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as selection goes, Sears has everything.

From portables to table models to full-size consoles with the 25-inch diagonal measure wide screen picture. No one else has a larger screen.

Sears can give you what the others have, plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you—at any price.

Also, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

See the new shows in color: Come into Sears—and we'll help you pick the right set for you.

Sears



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never hot, never dry, always cool?
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to KOOL.



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av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '70.



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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Cities Revisited

More than three years after the Kerner Commission analyzed the causes of the great urban riots of the 1960s, the racial ghettos of the U.S. are more than ever an environment of decay, distrust and despair. That is the conclusion of a report, "The State of the Cities," issued by a commission of the National Urban Coalition.

"Housing is still the national scandal it was then," says the report. "Schools are more tedious and turbulent. The rate of crime and unemployment and disease and heroin addiction are higher than ever. Welfare rolls are larger. And, with few exceptions, the relations between minority communities and the police are just as hostile." If such trends continue, the report concludes bleakly, "most cities by 1980 will be predominantly black and brown, and totally bankrupt."

The new commission did find one hopeful sign: a "new tough pride, self-confidence and determination" of minorities to build their own grass-roots institutions of self-help and reach "for the levers of power." At the same time, the report warns: "The most disturbing point most of those we spoke with made was that they had no faith at all in 'the System'—the Government and the private wielders of power—as a protector or a provider."

The Fun Fed

Ever since the 1930s, Texas Democrat Wright Patman has been fulminating to bring the Federal Reserve System under tighter Government control. As it is, the Fed is a unique agency that, by design, is not subject to congressional appropriations or Government audit. It pays its own way largely out of interest earned on federal securities. The intention was, and is, to give the Fed a measure of independence from political control.

In one of his perennial attacks, Patman, head of the House Banking and Currency Committee, last week at a subcommittee hearing accused the Federal Reserve Board of spending as much as \$588,200 on questionable or frivolous items. Examples: \$2,514.11 on a picnic with prizes at the Buffalo branch, \$50 for a parking fine and towing charge for a New York Fed official, \$20.90 for baby-sitting charges so that a New York member and his wife could attend two dinners. In addition, Patman was disturbed by the Fed's "Thrifty" club, in which the

system has contributed almost \$2,000,000 annually to a kind of mutual-fund program for employees.

One of Patman's complaints may have given the banker's-gray image. "Has the Federal Reserve System ever paid for Federal Reserve clubs to have parties at Playboy clubs, complete with appropriately attired bunnies?" Patman demanded, having already received reports on the subject from member banks. Replied Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns: "I didn't know there was that much imagination on the part of any of my colleagues."

Suffering Catfish

Americans may feel sentimental about animals, but compared to the mother country, the U.S. is downright callous. Last week London's Hayward Gallery opened an exhibition of eleven California artists' work—sculptures, constructions, video tapes. There were also six 20-ft.-long water tanks that La Jolla Artist Newton Harrison called *Portable Fish Farm*.

Other avant-garde artists have used human models and animals in their assemblages. Harrison filled his tanks with 135 catfish, 96 oysters, eleven lobsters, two crayfish and innumerable tiny brine shrimp to demonstrate, he said, how man might live in a polluted environment by harvesting fish. On opening night, 35 of the catfish were scheduled to be electrocuted, and served up to specially invited guests along with hush puppies and salad. "My piece is about the cycle of life," Harrison explained.

Immediately, Britain's animal partisans rose in outrage, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals protested the "ritual slaughter." Comedian Spike Milligan argued, in all seriousness, for laws to protect defenseless fish. Finally the Arts Council of Great Britain and the R.S.P.C.A. worked out a compromise: the feast would go on, but the fish would not be killed in public. Americans who missed the fish show could catch another Harrison exhibit this week in La Jolla. Called *La Jolla Promenade*, it displays snails being nibbled by white ducks. Whatever the ducks leave will be served up to art lovers as escargots.



NIXON WITH GROMYKO



TUGGING ROPE TO POUR CONCRETE



RECEIVING FROZEN TROUT IN KALISPELL, MONT.

Much activity in a

The White House: The President in Motion

FOR several weeks now the President has been personally confronting his problems and his critics in a fashion that has perceptibly lifted spirits in the capital, at least among Republicans. The new mood stems from Nixon's revelation of an impending journey to Peking and his New Economic Policy, generating a momentum he has tried to sustain since then. The pace continued last week, beginning with his flight to Alaska for his meeting with Japan's Emperor Hirohito, which may have slightly soothed that nation's bruised feelings over both Nixon's Peking and economic ventures.

Once back in Washington, Nixon was not content to simmer while Democratic

Senator Edward Kennedy assailed his Administration's ineffectiveness in securing the release of Hanoi-held U.S. prisoners of war at a Washington meeting of P.O.W. relatives. Fully aware of their growing impatience, Nixon boldly went to the meeting (see story, page 21). Nor was Nixon willing to remain aloof from international complaints about his new trade and monetary moves: he gave a White House reception for finance ministers and international bankers attending a monetary conference in Washington. He defended his steps and promised that they do not mean that the U.S. is headed down a path toward economic isolationism (see THE ECONOMY).

Nuclear Accidents. Nixon also moved to improve U.S. relations with the Soviet Union in a two-hour conference with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko—a session that one participant later termed “more friendly than any previous meeting” between the often dour Gromyko and U.S. officials. The talks ranged the world trouble spots, from the Middle East to the India-Pakistan dispute and to West Berlin. There apparently was little discussion of Nixon's Peking trip or of U.S. involvement in South Viet Nam—two sensitive issues. But both sides expressed optimism about achieving progress in arms limitation when the SALT talks resume next month in Vienna.

That hope was buttressed by the signing of two nuclear control agreements between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. on relatively minor matters that nevertheless indicated a spirit of cooperation. To prevent a nuclear collision that might be based on misunderstanding or accident, the two powers agreed to improve the reliability of the Washington-Moscow hotline by employing communications satellites. They agreed to notify each other of any unauthorized firing of nuclear weapons and to provide advance word of any launching that would take a missile beyond either nation's territory and toward the other's. The U.S. and the Soviet Union also joined in presenting a treaty banning the use of bacteriological weapons and toxins to the United Nations.

Rising Complaints. Besieged from many sources on the type of nominees he should select to fill two vacancies on the Supreme Court—including persistent pressure to name a woman—Nixon quietly pursued his own course. He asked the American Bar Association to give its opinion of the fitness of Virginia Representative Richard H. Poff, de-

spite rising complaints from civil rights groups and the threat of another Senate nomination fight by Democratic Senator Birch Bayh, who led the successful opposition to Nominees Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell. But just as the A.B.A. was about to make its private recommendation to the President, Poff telephoned a Nixon aide and said that he did not wish to have his name considered for the nomination. He noted the charges of “racist” already raised against him and the probability of a Senate battle over confirmation. Poff, whose wife is ill, told House Republican Leader Gerald Ford: “Jerry, I'm just not going to let my family and my name be subjected to that kind of abuse.” Actually, Poff was supported by some liberals in the Congress for renouncing any segregationist views, and a White House count revealed that at least 55 Senators would have approved his nomination. Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said that Nixon still felt that Poff is “highly qualified” but that he “respects the decision which the Congressman has made.”

Earlier, Nixon had attended the funeral of Justice Hugo Black, a jurist whose legal legacy Nixon still apparently hopes to dilute by appointing justices more likely to accept the Administration's arguments on law and order and civil rights issues.

Wrong Note. Jaunty and jovial, Nixon also found time for less weighty matters. He attended a sentimental 75th birthday party for Mamie Eisenhower, where his piano rendition of *Happy Birthday* sounded only one wrong note. He hosted a retirement party for Douglas Cornell, 65, an Associated Press correspondent who has covered seven Presidents in 43 years of White House assignments. Nixon ribbed his sometimes critical press followers with a backhanded compliment. “When I have to write anything, it's hard work,” he said. “That's why I admire newspaper correspondents. You just write off the top of your head.”

Nixon's new activism created the feeling in Washington that someone, at least, was in charge. Yet, amid all of the motion, there was also a considerable element of uncertainty. No one is sure that Nixon's economic innovations are working, or what will happen when the freeze ends. With evidence of political upheaval in China, no one knows whether there will even be a Nixon journey to Peking, although planning is proceeding secretly and Peking representatives have conveyed assurance to the U.S. that the trip is unaffected by the present events in China. Also highly uncertain is just what will result from such a meeting, if it does occur. Looming over all of Nixon's activity is the lingering war in Southeast Asia and when the U.S. will finally leave.



AT LIBBY DAM IN MONTANA



LISTENING TO MAMIE EISENHOWER'S BIRTHDAY MUSIC BOX period of great uncertainty.



NIGHT SCENE AT TIED-UP BROOKLYN DOCK



PASSENGERS CARRY OWN LUGGAGE AT MANHATTAN PIER

Bath a rebuke and a challenge to the President.

Labor: A Plague of Strikes

NETHER the wage-price freeze nor presidential exhortation was enough to hold back a wave of labor unrest that swept the country last week. Most serious was the walkout of longshoremen on the East and Gulf coasts, which, together with the three-month-old strike of West Coast dockers, closed down virtually all U.S. deep-sea ports for the first time in history. In addition, a strike of miners brought practically all soft coal production to a halt. And the possibility of a crippling work stoppage hung over the nation's railroads. The disruptions are both a rebuke and a challenge by labor to President Nixon's new economic policies aimed at holding the line on prices and wages.

► The four main battles:

► The key confrontation is between the New York Shipping Association, which usually establishes the contract pattern for the East and Gulf coasts, and the International Longshoremen's Association, which represents 45,000 workers in locals from Maine to Texas. Bargaining foundered when neither side could agree on the formulation of a guaranteed annual-wage clause, which in the old contract required employers in New York to pay dockers whether they worked or not. The longshoremen are also demanding a wage increase of \$2.90 to \$7.50 an hour, double time for work after eight hours and substantial pension benefits.

► The deadlock between Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and the Pacific Maritime Association drags on, though the tempo of negotiations quickened last week after an earlier meeting with Nixon. The 15,000-member union wants a wage increase of \$14.40 to \$52.92 a day, a guaranteed weekly wage, and total jurisdiction over loading and unloading cargo containers near the docks. This last demand precipitated the strike

and remains the major cause of the impasse. The Teamsters union now claims jurisdiction over loading containers, and the shippers have refused to turn this work totally over to the dockers. The issue is critical to the ILWU because container loading provides work for the union's members who are being squeezed off the docks by labor-saving technology.

► The United Mine Workers Union and the mine operators failed to agree on new terms before the old contract expired. Though Union President W.A. (Tony) Boyle did not call a walkout, the 80,000 UMW members, following the "no contract, no work" tradition, walked off their jobs anyway. The union wants daily wages increased from \$37 to about \$50, a doubling of the 40¢ per ton "royalty" that the operators pay into the union pension fund, paid sick leave and increased medical benefits. The biggest complication is the confusion caused by the freeze and the controls that will follow it. The owners do not know how much they can increase their prices; the union is not sure how large a pay increase the Government will allow.

► The Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen was free to strike last week as Government-imposed restraints expired. Though a strike that would snarl the nation's rail system is possible, the indications are that the signalmen will await the outcome of contract talks involving the larger shopcraft unions before pressing their demands. They want at least a 54% increase in their \$3.78 an hour wage over three years.

The immediate effect of the work stoppages in the coal fields and on the waterfront will be minimal. Most electric-power firms, the major coal users, have large enough stockpiles to keep their facilities humming for more than two months. Shippers, aware that ev-

ery IILA contract negotiation since 1951 has ended in a strike, have moved their goods early. Even with a dock settlement, activity in East and Gulf Coast ports will be slack for at least a month.

Of the four walkouts, the New York dock strike shaped up as the most intractable, largely because of the guaranteed wage issue. Differences on this issue in New York blocked agreement on other demands, which traditionally serve as the standard for IILA contracts. Thus dockers in all IILA ports, most of whom do not have a guarantee and are primarily concerned about wages and benefits, nonetheless walked off their jobs. Whether New York longshoremen work or not, they are assured of pay for 40 hours a week, 52 weeks a year at a rate of \$6.31 an hour in wages and benefits. Smaller guarantees are also in force in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and IILA President Thomas Gleason would like the benefit extended to other ports.

Seniority Rules. Chief Management Negotiator James Dickman notes that in the past year the guarantee has cost New York stevedore and shipping firms \$30 million. Though there is often work available, each day thousands of New York's 18,000 dock workers remain profitably idle, partly because some rigid and complicated seniority rules enable them to turn down work and still get paid. Employers argue that workers also abuse the guarantee by putting in a mandatory appearance at one of the city's 13 hiring halls, then slipping away before work can be assigned to them.

The New York employers agreed to include a guarantee in a new contract on one major condition: dockers would have to sign up as employees of individual firms and take what work was offered rather than being assigned jobs at hiring halls. The union, seeing the threat to its featherbedding work rules, rejected the proposal, and prospects for a quick settlement are dim.

THE SENATE

Bad Week for the Doves

One after another, the amendments to limit military spending came up for a vote in the Senate, and time after time doves absorbed defeat. ABM deployment was approved by a resounding margin. The Navy's controversial new fighter-bomber was funded handsily after an abortive attempt to block it. Money for a prototype Army tank that has provoked debate in the past was quickly assured.

In all, twelve cost-cutting measures were rejected in the worst string of defeats for the doves since disenchantment with the Viet Nam War and huge cost overruns first focused congressional attention on Pentagon spending. By week's end, the doves were so demoralized that Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton proposed a "victory party" when he lost a floor fight by only nine votes.

Bargaining Chip. Particularly galling to the doves was the way in which they were beaten. Debate was truncated and desultory—and often played to a near-empty chamber and galleries. The margin of defeat was embarrassingly large on once bitterly contested issues such as anti-missile funding. In 1969 when ABM Safeguard deployment was first proposed, debate lasted one month and the doves came within one vote of victory; this year, the floor fight took just two hours and the vote, 64 to 21, was a resounding rebuff.* Administration spokesmen insisted that the ABM was an important "bargaining chip" in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks currently under way, a viewpoint rejected by doves in 1970 but embraced by a large majority of Senators in 1971. Even Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper, a leader of ABM foes in the past, urged passage of the appropriation.

The fight over the Navy's F-14 interceptor plane was more spirited, but the vote only slightly closer, 61-28. Spending watchdogs considered the F-14 to be the most vulnerable item on the military procurement bill: it will cost four times more than the plane it is designed to replace, the F-4, and there have already been cost overruns during its development. One Senator attributed its acceptance to unemployment: "Some members told me that they would rather have people working on useless things than being out of work. That's a hell of a commentary when you think of all the things that need to be done in the country."

If the state of the economy undermined the doves' cause, so did the fa-

miliarity of their complaints. Said California Democrat John Tunney: "It's become a stylized dance—almost like Kachuki." Eagleton ruefully admitted: "To many of our colleagues our arguments are old hat. There's a tendency to sit back and say, 'Well, here we go again.' The issue has lost its zip."

Unmistakable Message. The doves found one bright spot among the disarray. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's amendment calling for complete troop withdrawal within six months after an agreement to release American P.O.W.s passed for the second time this year. The original amendment, tied to the draft-extension bill, was watered down in the House-Senate Conference Committee: a similar fate could await the second amendment. Although the amendment is not binding on President Nixon, its passage carries an unmistakable message to the White House: despite the week's defeats, the doves are still capable of mustering Senate sentiment against the long, dreary war.

P.O.W.s

Speaking Out

The Gordian tangle of debate on ending the war has descended on the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. Holding its second annual meeting in Washington, the league, which in the past has generally backed the Administration's policies, showed signs of dividing along the lines of argument that exist in Congress: setting a withdrawal date v. trusting the President's maneuvers.

A new wave of anxiety was evident among the 500 wives, parents and other relatives present. "It is our strong fear," declared one resolution, "that the ability of our men to survive confinement may now be measured in hours and days, not weeks or months." Many were afraid

that Nixon's China initiatives had diverted attention from the P.O.W. issue.

Some families of prisoners and men missing in action (M.I.A.) began arguing for the league to take a more activist role. A handful of members picketed the White House. Campaign-style buttons appeared on lapels—P.O.W.-M.I.A.S NUMBER ONE, NOT THIEF—a reflection of concern that the Administration is using the issue of the prisoners' release to win more time for Nguyen Van Thieu's Saigon government. A splinter group, P.O.W.-M.I.A. Families for Immediate Release, offered anti-Administration position papers, and urged the league to shift from a strictly humanitarian to a frankly political stance by demanding that Nixon negotiate the prisoners' release without regard to Thieu's future.

The President paid a surprise visit to the league convention at Washington's Statler Hilton to promise that "we are checking every possible lead, wherever it comes from." But he coupled his reassurance with a warning: "We are dealing with a savage enemy, one with no concern for humanitarian ideals." The next day the convention voted by a substantial majority, to avoid "political" positions. At the same time, the families moved their next convention date from September 1972 to May, so that they can attempt to turn their appeal into political clout during next year's presidential campaign if they are not satisfied with developments by next spring.

Said Mrs. William F. Mullen, whose husband, a Marine pilot, was shot down over Laos in April 1966: "We've been told for so long not to say anything because it would aid Hanoi. Well, being quiet and leaving everything up to the President has not done anything. The President is turning the fate of our men over to President Thieu. So I, for one, am going to start speaking out."



PRISONER OF WAR RELATIVES PICKET WHITE HOUSE
A new anxiety about survival.

* Last week a report prepared by the Operations Research Society of America—a professional organization for systems analysts and researchers—criticized scientists involved in the ABM debate. The report was critical of research methods used by both sides, but the ABM opponents, specifically M.I.T. Professor Jerome Wiesner and M.I.T. Professors George Rathjens and Steven Weinberg, drew the most censure for misusing scientific evidence.

POLITICS

Lindsay Goes West

Like a man breaking in a pair of new shoes, Democrat-Come-Lately John Lindsay last week stepped gingerly into the national political arena. In his first major foray outside New York City since he switched parties, Lindsay visited Phoenix, San Francisco and Los Angeles, sampling reaction and sending up trial balloons for a presidential cam-

port him and be part of his campaign," Mrs. Gatoys said, "if he decides to run."

Such regular organization backing was the exception. Though key leaders were more than willing to meet with Lindsay, that was as far as they went. Said the mayor: "I certainly don't expect Democratic leaders to say to me at this point, 'We hope you're going to run, and we want to support you.' I'd be astonished if that took place."

Lindsay fared less well among special-interest groups, reported TIME Correspondent Roger Williams, who accompanied the mayor on his trip west. Bay Area labor leaders, including Harry Bridges, president of the Longshoremen's Union, came out of a breakfast meeting with Lindsay only moderately impressed. Said Rudy Tham, international organizer for the Teamsters Union: "He's a nice guy, appealing, young [Lindsay looks younger than his 49 years], but I'm not sure about his labor record." A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who was not at the meeting, was considerably harder on Lindsay. He told reporters in New York that if Lindsay got the Democratic nomination, he would vote for Nixon.

Mexican-American leaders found Lindsay "too generalized" in his comments and "quite evasive" on specifics. One specific: a request for a commitment to appoint a Chicano to the U.S. Supreme Court. "Lindsay told us only that we 'ought to participate' in the judicial process," said Armando Rodriguez, head of the Mexican-American Political Association. "Hell, we already know that."

100-to-1 Chance. Still, more often than not, Lindsay came across well. He was relaxed, in good humor and quick with his quips. When asked about his presence in New Hampshire three weeks ago, Lindsay said: "I went to New Hampshire to attend the wedding of an assistant [Jay Kriegel]." Then he added with a grin: "I now have bachelor assistants falling in love in Wisconsin, Oregon and California." For the moment, his greatest asset is charm. Said former California Assembly Speaker Jess Unruh: "There is not much acceptance of Lindsay now by the politicians, but he has style and great presence on the media, and that's the way you campaign in California."

California notwithstanding, style does not win primaries; organization does. Lindsay must build from the bottom up, establishing credibility as a candidate and grass-root support. Such was the purpose of his appearances out West. "I would have no hesitation in running in primaries if I thought that would be the most effective role for me to play next year," he said at a press conference. How will he make that judgment? "I will have to measure my impact and effectiveness. I'm not going into a kamikaze campaign. Before you climb on a white horse, you have to have an idea that the white horse is going somewhere."

He is likely to make his decision within eight weeks, say aides, and no later than the end of the year. At present Lindsay is the first to admit that he is a long shot; he gives himself no better than a 100-to-1 chance for the Democratic presidential nomination. In a recent Gallup poll, Lindsay was the choice of 6% of Democrats queried, tying George McGovern for fourth place.

RACES

Black Expo in Chicago

Black Expo was billed as the largest gathering of black businessmen in history. When the five-day trade fair opened in Chicago last week, there were representatives of nearly 400 black firms on hand to prove the premise. But before the week was out, Black Expo proved to be more than a display of the products of America's fledgling black capitalism. It turned out to be an unofficial convention of entrepreneurs and politicians in search of power at the polls as well as in the marketplace.

Under the leadership of the Rev. Jesse Jackson, black businessmen from 40 states gave their backing to Jackson's assertion that economic development—"green power"—is the way to black power. Self-sufficiency, Jackson said during the opening-day ceremonies, is



DALEY & JACKSON

But would enough blacks register?

the first step in breaking out of the ghetto. Said Jackson: "We do not want a welfare state. We have potential. We can produce. We can feed ourselves." Despite the enthusiastic speeches, however, black capitalism is still in an initial stage of development. Aware of that, Jackson proposed a "domestic Marshall Plan" to help black neighborhoods develop their economic potential.

While thousands, including the black schoolchildren of Chicago, filed past

LINDSAY WITH ARIZONA DEMOCRATS
But where is the white horse going?

paign. The three-day junket removed any doubts that New York's mayor is aiming for the White House in '72.

The Lindsay excursion was fashioned around a speaking engagement before the California League of Cities that had been scheduled well before his change of registration. The remainder of his agenda was tacked on specifically to aid the presidential prospecting and give the mayor his first broad exposure as a serious national candidate. Every minute was crammed with lunches and cocktail parties, TV talk shows and press conferences, meetings for special-interest groups. Hours were spent on the telephone and in private face-to-face sessions with important state and local party leaders. It was well-orchestrated politics, and the Lindsay camp was pleased with the results.

Quite Evasive. Throughout his tour, Lindsay was received by sizable crowds. His speech before the California League of Cities attracted 1,900 people, several hundred more than Hubert Humphrey had drawn the previous day. Phoenix, in the heart of Goldwater country, also accorded Lindsay a cordial welcome. In San Francisco, he found a thriving "Lindsay for President" group and a welcome endorsement from a former long-time National Democratic Committee woman, Mrs. Rudel Gatoys. "I'll sup-

the displays of cosmetic manufacturers, restaurateurs, modeling agencies and contractors and clothiers, black officials moved in to give workshops and strategy lessons. Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes appeared to plead for grass-root political organization aimed at electing black politicians in local races and building a base for a future black presidential candidate. In a speech he described as a "political emancipation proclamation," Stokes expanded on a plan formulated by Georgia State Representative Julian Bond: black voters would withhold support from current presidential candidates and develop their own political organization. Although Stokes rejected the notion of a fourth-party nominee in 1972, he urged local groups to organize in order to wring concessions at the Republican and Democratic conventions. Said Stokes: "It isn't done by wishing and hoping, by leaving as many as 50,000 registered black voters at home. Personalities come and go, but the issues and the processes go on. And nothing happens if you don't learn the basic mechanics."

The rumblings of growing political power were loud enough to attract the Democrat with the keenest sense of grass-root organization, Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley. Although Jackson, as director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's Operation Breadbasket, has been one of Daley's most outspoken critics, the mayor was on hand to help open Black Expo. Awkwardly clasp Jackson's hand in a "soul handshake," Daley forced a smile for the television cameras, then toured the exhibits. His presence testified to the political and economic clout that Black Expo had been set up to evoke.

Attack on De Facto

While a series of U.S. Supreme Court decisions has struck down school segregation in the South, the North has remained largely untouched. The reason is that segregation was created by law in the South, whereas it was supposed to have resulted from circumstances in the North. This comforting distinction has now been challenged by a federal court ruling in Detroit. U.S. District Court Judge Stephen J. Roth declared that what appears to be *de facto* segregation in the Detroit school system is actually *de jure* and must be abolished.

In his decision on a complaint filed by the N.A.A.C.P. and a group of parents, Roth acknowledged that the vast Negro migration northward, as well as economic factors, was responsible for blacks settling in Detroit's ghettos. He also recognized that many blacks chose to live apart. Even so, whites over the years have steadily erected barriers to integration: monochromatic neighborhood schools were not just an accident. "Governmental actions and inaction at all levels—federal, state and local—have combined with those of private organizations, such as loaning institutions and real es-

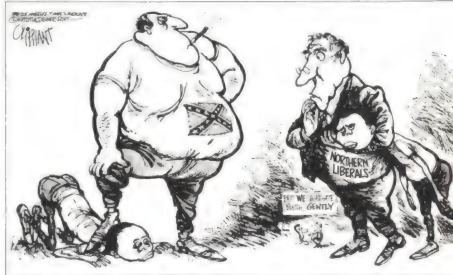
tate associations and brokerage firms, to establish and maintain the pattern of residential segregation."

Evil Without Fault. Segregation has not only been maintained in Detroit, Roth went on to say; it has been actively pursued. The city has bused Negro children to predominantly black schools, but it has not bused whites to black schools. By continuing to build schools in the ghetto, it has reinforced segregation. By establishing so-called "optional" schools in mixed neighborhoods, it has encouraged whites to escape integration. While the state government

spring of 1970, the school board drew up a plan for extensive integration.

That was the beginning of the breakdown. Once they got wind of the plan, many white parents reacted vigorously. They kept their children home from school and set up a Citizens' Committee for Better Education to fight the scheme. They probably would not have succeeded without black help. Discouraged over the prospect of integration in a city that was on the verge of becoming 50% black, Negroes in the state legislature teamed up with white conservatives to support a bill striking down

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"Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!"

has provided funds for the transportation of pupils in the suburbs, until recently it has offered no aid for busing in the city. In addition, its formula for aiding schools penalizes poor blacks; suburban communities are able to spend more on their schools while paying a lower tax rate. Despite this bill of particulars Roth wondered if it might be beside the point. "It is unfortunate that we cannot deal with public school segregation on a no-fault basis, for if racial segregation in our public schools is an evil, then it should make no difference whether we classify it *de jure* or *de facto*. Our objective, legally, should be to remedy a condition which we believe needs correction."

At first glance, Detroit seemed to be an unlikely target for a suit against segregation because it has been less of an offender than most Northern cities—as Roth noted in his decision. Between 1966 and 1970, black teachers in the system increased from 31% to 42%. In the same period, black administrators rose from 11% to 37%. Two black deputy superintendents were hired. Detroit was the first school system to introduce textbooks that gave a picture of black life as well as white. When books were not available from commercial publishers, the city printed its own. In the

the integration plan and substituting a decentralization program that would require a student to attend the school nearest his home. The blacks hoped that this would give them control of a majority of the schools in the city. When the bill was passed by both houses of the legislature, the N.A.A.C.P., opposed to black separatism, brought suit against the law as unconstitutional and asked for relief from segregation.

The opposition of the N.A.A.C.P. turned out to be well founded. Not content with just overturning the integration plan, irate members of the Citizens' Committee circulated a recall petition against the four school board members who had voted for the plan and got a surprising 130,000 signatures. At the subsequent election, all four were voted out of office in the first successful recall in Detroit's history. Said Edward Zaleski, a policeman and a founder of the Citizens' Committee: "We were fighting for our children. They were fighting for an idea."

Return of the Klan. Decentralization, moreover, did nothing for blacks. Because of a larger white turnout in the election, hard-core conservatives gained six out of 13 positions on the new central board, while blacks won only three. Previously, blacks had held two



ROTH

Monochromatic schools are no accident.

out of seven seats on the board. They have a majority of only two of the eight newly created regional boards, though they constitute a majority of the population in six of the eight districts. Also the regional boards have proved weak and ineffective.

Conditions in the schools have deteriorated so alarmingly that a new integration plan will not be easy to put into effect. While black militants terrorize the remaining whites in the Detroit schools, the Ku Klux Klan has been gathering recruits in the suburbs. Last spring a suburban high school principal was tarred and feathered by hooded Klansmen after he organized a two-day human relations program for blacks and whites. Yet any integration plan, if it is to succeed, must include the suburbs, as both the N.A.A.C.P. and the Citizens' Committee have emphasized. If full-scale integration is ordered in the city only, whites will flee in ever greater numbers to the suburbs. But if suburban schools should be incorporated into the plan, it would be possible to maintain the Negro percentage in each school at 20%. Whites would also get the message that it was no longer possible to run away from integration.

Up to the Court. The new plan will take shape during court hearings beginning this month in Detroit. It will also be shaped by the reaction of the U.S. Supreme Court. A decision similar to Detroit's was handed down by a federal district court judge in Pontiac, Mich., last year and was sustained by the U.S. Court of Appeals. It has been appealed to the Supreme Court, which will probably not accept the case until its two vacancies are filled. The court's decision will then be problematical—and far-reaching. If it agrees that *de facto* segregation is indeed equivalent to *de jure*, the North will have to do what the South has been required to do: end segregation no matter what its cause or origin.

PRISONS

Attica Aftermath

In the wake of the tragic Attica uprising, New York state officials were trying to ensure that it can never happen again. They talk faintly of prison reform, much more passionately of better security. Shaken more than ever before in its history, the state prison system is determined to do better what it has always done before.

Bowing to the urgent demands of the prison guards' union, Corrections Commissioner Russell G. Oswald announced last week that he was seeking to create a super maximum security prison for the most rebellious and incorrigible inmates. Equipped to house 500 prisoners, this "maxi-maxi" would be relatively small and spokesmen for the guards' union insist that those assigned to it must be armed. The rest of the prison system would thus be rid of its worst troublemakers, who then would be able to make trouble in one explosive spot. "It would be a present-day Devils Island," complains Republican State Senator John Dunne, who has embarked on a one-man Attica investigation. "The ethnic makeup would be almost entirely black. It could result in a black concentration camp."

More Assaults. Until the maxi-maxi is built, the guards at Attica are insisting on tightening up prison discipline. They blame the revolt on a too permissive atmosphere. "We never considered our job dangerous," says Attica Mayor Richard Miller, who also serves as a prison guard. "There have been more assaults on officers in the last year and a half than in all my years before. It just didn't used to happen."

In the meantime, the guards are apparently taking discipline into their own hands. While 50 prisoners implicated in the revolt are currently housed in a maximum security area that is clean and not too crowded, reports suggest that they are being made to pay for their behavior. Relatives visiting the prison have emerged weeping and complaining that inmates are beaten and threatened as a matter of routine. Last week three inmates testified in a federal court hearing in Buffalo that they had been repeatedly mistreated by guards since the rebellion. District Judge John T. Curtin refused to allow their request to be transferred to another prison, but he issued an order to Attica officials to stop abusing inmates. He also complained that the public was getting a "one-sided" view of the rebellion because newsmen were barred from interviewing prisoners.

Not all the reaction to Attica has been punitive. The state is planning to spend \$4 million for repair of the prison and another

\$3 million for a modernization program that will include an expanded library and gymnasium as well as a shower for each cell block—a particular gripe of prisoners who normally are allowed to bathe only once a week. Governor Nelson Rockefeller asked five judges of the state court of appeals to appoint a commission to investigate all aspects of the rebellion. Last week the judges named a diverse nine-man commission to be headed by Robert B. McKay, Dean of the New York University Law School.

More Passion. The commission will have plenty of competition from other investigators who are flocking to Attica. In addition to Senator Dunne's crusade, a committee will be established by the state legislature to consider changes in the penal system. Former U.S. Senator Charles Goodell has set up a committee of scholars to conduct a study of prison reform. State Deputy Attorney General Robert Fischer is briskly probing the rebellion with the aim of bringing possible indictments against some of the inmates.

The danger is that an honest search for the facts may be derailed by ideological passion. The left has seized the occasion to romanticize the "political" prisoners who led their fellow inmates to the slaughter; the right has taken the opportunity to assail the left. Spiro Agnew, for instance, complained that the "radical liberals" and the news media have turned the event into "yet another case *célèbre* in the pantheon of radical revolutionary propaganda." If this becomes the tone of the investigation, there will be no lesson learned from Attica.



VISITING RESUMES AT ATTICA
An accent on security.



KUNZ WITH THREE WIVES & FAMILY



BRIGHAM YOUNG & HIS POLYGAMOUS FAMILY (1857)

Some private lives must be kept very private.

AMERICANA The Whispered Faith

*Brigham Young was a Mormon hold,
And a leader of the roaring rams,
And a shepherd of a heap of pretty
little sheep.*

*And a nice fold of pretty little lambs,
And he lived with his five and forty
wives.*

*In the city of great Salt Lake
Where they woo and coo as pretty
doves do.*

And cackle like ducks to a drake.

—Old Frontier Ballad

The house is unprepossessing, a small, white wooden frame structure in a quiet Salt Lake City suburb. The family patriarch, a stolid pressman of 41 with muttonchop whiskers, sits in his modest living room playing with two of his seven children. In the kitchen, three women are busy over several bushels of peaches. One woman is peeling the plump yellow fruit; another toils over the kettles simmering on the stove; a third pops peach halves into bottles. The tableau seems to be a Rockwellian slice of rural Americana, a pair of friendly neighbors helping a housewife put up peaches for the winter. There is one discomforting difference, however: all three women are the wives of the man playing in the living room with his children.

The Mormon rams of Brigham Young's polygamous persuasion still exist, but they do not roar; they whisper. Scattered across every county in Utah, most numerous in the Salt Lake Valley, live perhaps 20,000 men, women and children who still take literally Young's solemn litany: "The only men who become Gods, even the sons of God, are those who enter into polygamy." They keep their private lives extremely private, for polygamy is illegal in Utah, as in every other state, and was outlawed by the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1890. Today, the Mormon Church excommunicates any of its members who still dare live by what is rather cryptically called "the principle."

Better than Swapping. These practitioners believe very strongly in polygamy as God's law. They must: polygamy is no redoubt for the lickerish. "Prayer is 99% of our existence, if not 100%," the pressman explains. "If a person goes into this principle who is selfish, lustful or jealous, it will make a devil out of him." Whatever his spiritual resources, though, the man with three wives has serious worldly problems. Just the simple recreational act of going to a drive-in movie has potential for domestic havoc. "We fight over who will sit by him," says one wife. "So we go to triple features and take turns." The jealousy factor in this family could be particularly acute, since the wives are also blood sisters.

Yet in the polygamous marriage, necessity is the mother of household tranquility. "We don't believe in divorce at all," says one of the wives. "Anyway, Mom won't have us back. So we know that the only way to succeed is to make amends." They all agree that their way of life, however trying, breeds a more enduring form of familial happiness than loosely bound monogamy. "I feel sorry for people who don't live in polygamy," says one wife. "In our world, instead of a man getting involved in wife swapping and chasing other women, he brings them into the family." Women, on the other hand, often instigate the plural marriage. "It's not unusual for the girl to ask the man to marry her," notes another such wife. "Women should take the initiative, especially if the man is married."

Legal Redress. Fear of the law is a grave concern, but not sufficient to shake the devout from their article of faith. Morris K. Kunz, 66, has three wives living in adjacent houses in a Salt Lake

City suburb. In 1945, he went to prison for two full years rather than sign a statement disavowing the principle. Says Kunz, "Persecution is a necessary prerequisite for salvation." He indicates that he intends to continue practicing the principle to the fullest. "I have three wives," he says, "thirty children, eight stepchildren, more than 200 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, and I ain't dead yet." Kunz and his fellow practitioners are further reinforced by their conviction that they are the defenders of a tenet which the official Mormon Church accepts as fundamental—even though it cannot legally be lived at present.

Indeed, there is more social than legal pressure on Utah's polygamists, since they have traditionally proved difficult to prosecute. During a 19th century flare-up over polygamy, after the followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young had become solidly entrenched in Utah, an exasperated Abraham Lincoln compared Mormonism to a log. "It was too heavy to move, too hard to chop and too green to burn," he said. "So we just plowed around it."

Now, though polygamy is punishable in Utah by a \$500 fine and up to five years' imprisonment, officials have a hard time persuading the sons and daughters of old Mormon families to testify against their neighbors. Nor is it likely that faith in the principle will entirely dissipate of its own accord, especially since many polygamists feel they will eventually win legal redress. Says the pressman: "I feel that in today's relaxed atmosphere, the conviction of one of us would be rejected by the higher courts." Still, such ephemeral considerations do not ultimately matter to the faithful. "I believe in a God who is unchanging, and the laws of the land do not change the laws of God," says the pressman firmly. "When the laws of the land restrict an individual, then the laws of God supersede."

THE ECONOMY

Money: A Move Toward Disarmament

JOHN CONNALLY had talked so tough in recent weeks that the world's other Finance Ministers wondered if he would ever stop threatening and start negotiating. Last week he finally tempered his tone and began bargaining. At the long-awaited meeting in Washington of the 118-country International Monetary Fund, Connally dropped a hint that the U.S. was willing to give a little to gain a lot. That hint probably did more to advance the cause of real monetary reform than all the confused discussions that had been going on since President Nixon's famous Aug. 15 speech.

Until last week, Connally had in-

though far more conciliatory than before. Connally still sought leverage wherever he could find it. According to a Canadian version, he approached Finance Minister Edgar Benson at one point and drawled: "The Europeans and Japanese are ganging up on us, and we North Americans have to stick together—you, the Mexes and us."

Dirty Float. Connally invited the other nations to let impersonal market forces do what many governments have found politically impossible: revalue their currencies upward against the dollar to the full extent deemed necessary by the U.S. Major IMF members are

pearance of fairness. That, in turn, was designed to persuade other nations that a full revaluation of their currencies against the dollar is inevitable.

What seems inevitable to many Europeans, for their part, is a U.S. decision to devalue the dollar slightly by raising the price of gold. Connally was careful not to rule out such a move. In fact, he said, since the U.S. has already halted the convertibility of dollars into gold, a 5% or 10% increase in its price—the range being discussed—is "of no economic significance." Connally added: "Gold makes great jewelry." The Administration may well be



SCHILLER



BENSON



CONNALLY



MIZUTA



SCHWEITZER

A little give in hope of gaining a lot.

dictated that the U.S. intended to turn its chronic balance of payments deficit into a surplus—and was prepared to use its economic weapons, notably the 10% surtax on imports, for as long as it took to accomplish the goal. But at the IMF meeting, Connally dropped the requirement that the U.S. must be in the black before it would scrap the surtax. Instead, he said at a press conference, what was needed was "assurances that a formula and procedure is agreed on that will rectify" the U.S. imbalance. The U.S. will chuck the surcharge, he promised, provided that other governments 1) "make tangible progress toward dismantling specific barriers to trade," and 2) "allow market realities freely to determine exchange rates for their currencies for a transitional period." Texan Connally is fast learning the wooden, oblique language of international money.

Connally has thus far refused to say precisely what bars must be lowered before the U.S. will drop the surtax. For the gamesmanlike reason that he wants other nations to make the first offer. Clearly, any progress in eliminating these barriers depends on how reasonably both sides define "tangible" concessions. Al-

moving toward agreement on new exchange rates. Yet because their goods might thus become permanently more expensive in the U.S. and other markets, few nations have allowed the full change to occur. Even after many world currencies were floated against the dollar in August, governments instructed central banks to buy the dollar with their own currencies if their value rose above certain limits. In the jargon of international finance, such maneuvers constitute a "dirty float." What Connally did was to ask the governments to allow international traders, investors and tourists to perform—for the time being, at least—a "clean" one.

The U.S. proposal found very little immediate support. West German Finance Minister Karl Schiller retorted that "you can't demand a pure float of all countries." IMF Director Pierre-Paul Schweitzer doubted whether such an arrangement could achieve the proper "magnitude of realignment," and Japanese Finance Minister Mikio Mizuta was almost certain to recommend that Tokyo resist the move. Even so, by offering to let the nonpolitical money markets arbitrate the key U.S. demand for revaluation, Connally gave the ap-

able to use gold as a cheap but politically powerful bargaining chip for obtaining more strategic concessions.

Mini-Devaluations. Speaker after speaker at the IMF meeting called for the building of a monetary system based on neither gold nor dollars, but on some variation of Special Drawing Rights, the IMF's man-made asset. Major nations agreed that the new rules should provide for wider margins on currency trades, thus allowing for "mini-devaluations" or upward revaluations that do not invite huge amounts of currency speculation. These moves had not seemed remotely possible until the "Nixon shock" exploded in August.

Both the U.S. and its trading partners believe that the deadline for new trade and exchange agreements is Jan. 1. Neither the dictates of commerce nor of the U.S. political campaign will allow further delay. Considering the political and economic conflicts that must be resolved, an enormous job lies ahead. Still, as Connally circulated confidently through the meetings, cocktail parties and buffet dinners of last week's conference, he had the air of a man who was hungry to be at it.

**Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano.**

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The gown was created for Liqueur Galliano by Galitzine of Rome. Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.

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1972 Buick Riviera. Something to believe in.

How to make use of your TV console after you buy a Sony.



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You bought a color console.

And you loved having a color TV.

In fact, you loved it so much, you bought a second set.

A Sony Trinitron.

And you loved it even more.

Its picture is so bright and sharp and true-to-life, you may not be watching the console the way you used to.

So what should you do?

You should use the console.

No matter how sharp and bright your Sony picture is.

No matter if you bought a 9, 12 or 17-inch* Sony Trinitron.

Use the console.

After all, when you're not watching it, it's a beautiful piece of furniture.

Keep your Sony on it.

Trinitron
SONY COLOR TV



STOREFRONT SIGNS IN CHICAGO CASHING IN ON NIXON ECONOMIC PROGRAM
When it comes to careless swimming, minnows and whales are very different.

What to Do in Phase II

The President's New Economic Policy was not handed down from Mount Olympus: it should be subject to the most searching analysis.

—Vice President Spiro Agnew

THE wage-price freeze is only a prologue to a drama that so far has the sketchiest of script outlines. Like an exceptionally thunderous overture, Phase I has startled an audience of some 200 million citizens into rapt attention, and set the mood for the performance to follow. Has it been the beginning of a Nixonian New Prosperity? Or of a rerun of the national tragedy of inflation and unemployment? That will depend on the program that the White House shapes for Phase II, which follows the end of the freeze on Nov. 13.

Not even the President as yet knows the details of the new program. He has been seeking the advice of business and labor leaders, Congressmen, Cabinet members and Governors, who have been giving the most searching analysis to potential policy steps. Late last week Nixon received secret Phase II recommendations from the Cost of Living Council. Now, he must ponder a welter of conflicting ideas. He has made only one real commitment: he will begin announcing a Phase II policy by some time next week.

That policy will aim at two goals: breaking permanently the wage-price spiral, and stimulating business enough to bring the jobless rate down from 6.1% toward 4%, which most economists define as practical "full employment." By itself, the freeze will come nowhere near achieving either objective. If it is succeeded by a weak, waffling Phase II, warns Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, the nation will be "no better off on the inflation front than if nothing had been done—perhaps worse off because of disappointed expectations."

Of the two objectives, slowing inflation will be the more difficult to accomplish. The President has rightly ruled out the extreme alternatives: lifting all restraints when the freeze ends, or im-

posing comprehensive controls that would require an OPA-style army of bureaucrats to enforce. That leaves a totally unprecedented job: putting partial controls on a still wobbly economy at a very late stage of an exceedingly stubborn inflation. In addition, Nixon and many of his advisers, especially Budget Boss George Shultz and Economic Aide Herbert Stein, have in the past shown an ideological horror at any interference with free markets. Casting them as price-control planners, quips Robert Nathan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, is "like putting Polly Adler in charge of a convent."

Nixon has spoken of a program with "teeth" that would bite into "all of the economy," but in practice would affect mostly big unions and big companies. That reflects a surprisingly broad consensus that is forming among many business executives and economists. The program recommended by a majority of TIME's Board of Economists goes like this:

A "PRODUCTIVITY-PLUS" GUIDELINE. The Government would establish a guideline for wage and price boosts, based on a formula of "productivity-plus." Workers would be allowed increases reflecting the average increase in output per man-hour throughout the economy; plus perhaps half the rise in living costs that had occurred in the previous twelve months. Under this formula, wages and benefits would go up about 5%; i.e., an average of 8% or more in each of the past two years.

The guideline would have a double standard: prices would not be allowed to rise as fast as wages. Arthur Okun reckons that the price line should be held to 2% annually. That would not be as inequitable as it seems. Productivity gains will offset some of the wage rises, so that a 5% pay boost would not mean a 5% increase in the unit labor costs that companies must pay. Also, workers would have limits placed on their pay raises, but companies would have no limits on their profit increases, which should rise high in a period of business recovery. To make up for that,

corporations should be willing to absorb part of any climb in labor costs.

A POLICING BOARD. A review board would police the guidelines. It would have legal power to investigate any wage or price increase; it could subpoena company records and compel union chiefs and corporate executives to testify before the board. Occasionally, it might make an example out of penny-ante violations of the guidelines—say, an egregious price increase by a bakery that, while relatively small, had a local monopoly of bread sales. But for the most part, it would concentrate its fire on the largest unions and biggest companies.

A POWER TO FINE. The board would try to operate with a minimum of compulsion. Many unions and companies would voluntarily refrain from posting outside increases, out of fear that the board would arouse the wrath of the public against them. Okun hopes that in practice most would seek the board's guidance informally before negotiating wage increases or raising prices. As a last resort, the board could forbid by law or rescind any increases that it found excessive. It could seek injunctions and fines against flagrant violators of its rulings; Robert Nathan would go further and provide jail sentences.

True enough, the more moderate consensus approach has serious drawbacks and risks. It consists, as Okun says, of "controls for the big fellow and sermons for the little fellow." Okun justifies the seeming unfairness by drawing a distinction between economic "whales" and "minnows," and contending that "careless swimming by the whale and careless swimming by the minnow are very different matters so far as the safety of the creatures of the sea is concerned."

Will that approach work? Some businessmen affirm that controls aimed at large companies and unions would effectively hit smaller ones as well. Says Maurice F. Krug, president of Technology Inc., a firm involved in photographic research: "Kodak is our biggest competitor, and they don't even know we exist. But we have to base our prices on theirs."

The strongest argument for the moderate consensus approach is that the alternatives are worse. A more ambitious

Labor Builds a Stumbling Block

IF the Phase II program of wage-price restraint breaks down, the destructive force most likely will be a rebellion by organized labor. Union chieftains are most apprehensive about Phase II, and their anxiety is being fanned by Administration refusals to let contracted wage increases be paid during the freeze. A.F.I.-C.I.O. President George Meany has threatened noncompliance with post-freeze policy, and the United Auto Workers have scheduled a special convention on Nov. 13, the last day of the freeze, to decide their stand.

Labor could balk in many ways. At a minimum, Meany could refuse to appoint the labor members of any tripartite wage-price review board or labor advisers to any other Government board. That would gut any attempt by Nixon to put across his wage-price policy politically as one that had the consent of both labor and management. At the extreme, the labor movement could support a test-case strike by some union demanding a larger pay raise than the review board deemed justified. The Government would then have a choice of buying peace by overruling its own board—a practice that eventually destroyed Britain's Prices and Incomes Board in the late 1960s—or seeking to break the strike by injunction. The latter move might arouse enough labor hatred to wreck a wage-price policy that in the end will have to rest largely on voluntary compliance and that cannot be fully policed from Washington.

Whether such a showdown can be averted depends largely on how serious union chiefs are in some of their demands. At present they are loudly insisting, among other things, that post-freeze controls apply not only to wages and prices but also to dividends, interest rates and profits. Nixon could perhaps satisfy them on the first two points.

Dividend restraints would have little economic effect and would raise no great howl from corporate managers since they would not affect profits. Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans already has won pledges from 1,211 big U.S. corporations that they will not raise dividends during the freeze. As of last week, the Nixon Administration planned to put some limits on dividend increases during Phase II, depending on voluntary compliance and continued Government pressure on violators. Administration officials have opposed guidelines for interest rates because they fear that bankers would use any such standard as an excuse for not cutting rates that otherwise might go down. Treasury Secretary John Connally, however, is prepared to jawbone bankers into holding interest rates steady or reducing them without setting any formal ceilings.

The unions' demand for an excess profits tax is a far stickier matter. To A.F.I.-C.I.O. Economist Arnold Cantor, the issue is simple equity. "The income of wage earners is the wage; the income of business is profits," he says—and if one is limited the other should be too. By almost any measure, however, profits are not now excessive but depressed. U.S. corporate earnings after taxes, at an annual rate of \$46 billion in this year's second quarter, were actually lower than in 1965. Many economists agree with Walter Heller that "an excess profits tax is a silly tax." It did not work well at all during the Korean War. Such a tax now might only prompt executives to hide their companies' real earnings by accounting sleight-of-hand, or to squander in ex-



pense-account living the money that they otherwise report in profits. Moreover, businessmen use earnings for a large part of their investment in plant expansion and modernization—and any reduction in that would not only make the U.S. less competitive in the world but reduce the number of new jobs. The Nixon Administration is against controls on profits in Phase II.

Labor's greatest fear is that post-freeze restraints will come down harder on wages than on prices, so that workers' real income will continue to be gobbled up by rising living costs, while profits boom as business recovers. One of the main jobs of a wage-price board will be to prove that that fear is unfounded by leaning hard on any corporate violators of the price guidelines. If that is done, unions may yet cooperate reluctantly with Phase II. If not, the Nixon Administration, which has often underestimated the rising disgust that many working people feel about the outrageous demands of some union leaders, may have to take off the gloves and appeal for broad public support in a knockdown confrontation between the Administration and big labor.

program—strict controls on all wages and prices—would be impossible to enforce without the kind of public support that Americans have granted only during wars that were regarded as necessary. A weaker program—wage-price guidelines that could not be enforced by law—would simply invite violation.

Ganging Up. Just who will police the program? As part of the price for their indispensable cooperation (see box), union leaders want a voice in choosing a tripartite wage-price review board composed of members formally representing labor, management and the public. They argue that that is the only way to prevent "anti-labor" decisions by a Republican Administration. Businessmen generally want a board composed solely of Government-appointed members. Some possibilities: judges, lawyers, labor arbitrators.

Many economists back the businessmen on this issue. Says Walter Heller, who is also on TIME's Board of Economists: "On a tripartite board, either the labor and public members will gang up on business, or the business and labor members will come to sweetheart solutions. Generally such a board wants peace at any price." A possible compromise, favored by many Administration planners, is to set up a tripartite board that would rule on wage increases, but have its decisions subject to review by a higher board, composed of Government appointees who would examine price boosts as well. That, however, is unlikely to satisfy labor.

Frozen Popcorn. By concentrating on the big, highly visible wage and price decisions, the board might get by with only a relatively small staff of lawyers, investigators and economists; some estimates go as low as 500 employees. Since it would not be applying rigid controls on all wages and prices, the board could escape some of the nagging questions on which policymakers of the freeze have been forced to rule. One such ruling classified unpopped popcorn as an agricultural product exempt from the freeze—but held popped corn to be a processed food, and thus frozen.

The Phase II board, however, would confront a long series of troublesome questions all its own. Should a company that was prevented by the freeze from raising prices to offset a huge wage increase be allowed an exceptionally large price boost? Should unionists whose pay has lagged behind that of workers performing the same job in another company be permitted an exceptionally high wage boost? Should a company that has been unable to fill low-wage jobs get an exemption from the guidelines so that it can offer whatever pay raises are needed to attract workers? The Administration is prepared to make exceptions for the sake of equity, but there will be considerable confusion.

Forever? An even graver question is the duration of any wage- and price-control policy. Businessmen, while admitting the necessity of controls, are frankly



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afraid that they will become permanent. "I know of no country, other than one distraught by war, that ever started down this road and then came back," says Leslie Peacock, president of San Francisco's Crocker-Citizens National Bank. Nixon has proclaimed that any Phase II control mechanism will be only a "way-station" on the road back to free markets. If inflation substantially calms down, he may campaign for re-election on a promise to remove the controls that he imposed. But some less formal type of presidential intervention in major wage bargains and price decisions may well hang on. It is questionable whether any President can ever again stick to a total hands-off policy.

Caution Sign. Breaking the wage-price spiral is only part of the task. The economy must also be prodded into an advance fast enough to create many more jobs. For that, Nixon in August proposed tax cuts of \$4.5 billion in the form of credits that would go mostly to companies investing in new plants and machinery, and \$2.2 billion for individuals. His program faces an uncertain fate. Union leaders and Democratic liberals charge that the investment tax credit, combined with \$3 billion of relief granted earlier to corporations through accelerated depreciation schedules, constitutes an unjustified bonanza for companies.

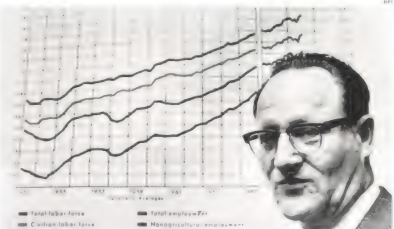
In any balanced tax program, some spur to investment in more productive machinery is needed. Nixon's critics make much of figures showing that U.S. industry is operating at only 73% of capacity; these opponents contend that corporate executives are unlikely to increase investment greatly when so much of their existing plant lies idle. The statistics are not gathered by the Federal Reserve, which publishes them, but by McGraw-Hill, Inc., which matches production figures against an annual survey of the capacity increases planned by large companies in 18 industries. Clayton Gehman, a Federal Reserve economist, says that the figures should be "regarded with caution." He suspects that the true operating rate of U.S. industry is about 82% of capacity.

Postponing a Raise. Congress would nonetheless be well advised to knock out some of the accelerated depreciation and give more tax relief to individuals, preferably by postponing part of an increase in Social Security taxes proposed to take effect Jan. 1. Congress is now considering a bill to boost the total paid by people earning \$10,200 or more a year from \$406 to \$551, wiping out for many families all the personal tax breaks requested by Nixon. Postponing some of this increase, rather than legislating further permanent tax cuts, would serve a double purpose. It would put more spending money into the consumer's pocket, yet still help to preserve the long-run capacity of the Government to raise tax revenue. Washington will shortly need every dime that it can collect to bankroll much-needed social programs.

In cold economic terms, the arguments over the tax package are probably now less important than those over wage-price policy. No amount of tax relief will lift the economy unless consumers can feel assured that future pay increases will not be ruthlessly chewed up by inflation, and businessmen can plan investments with reasonable certainty that their profits will not be devoured by voracious costs. Tough but flexible controls on major wage and price decisions may not work, but failure would have frightening implications. It would tempt people to conclude that inflation can be checked only by a recession far deeper than last year's, or by a straitjacket of controls on the entire economy. That either-or prospect should be enough to induce businessmen and their employees to support a sensible, temporary wage-price policy—and make it work.

then called in by White House Special Assistant Charles Colson, who demanded, "Why don't you get on the team?" Since then Jones has returned to his university post. Even Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, was taken to task by men in the White House when he conceded in June that the recovery was not rapidly reducing unemployment. (Because he usually managed to gloss over even grim statistics, McCracken became known to newsmen as "Dr. McQualify," and his No. 2 man, Herbert Stein, was dubbed "Mr. All Fine.")

The peskiest poker of Administration balloons has been Harold Goldstein, the Bureau of Labor Statistics' assistant commissioner in charge of analyzing the most politically potent figure of all, the jobless rate. Last January he rightly called the .2% drop in unemployment



GOLDSTEIN WITH UNEMPLOYMENT FIGURES
A subtler brand of hemlock for non-team men.

THE BUREAUCRACY The Wages of Truth

The lot of the truth-teller has never been easy, as the ancient Greeks proved by silencing Socrates with a cup of hemlock. Today's methods for muffling disquieting voices of candor are subtler, but no less effective. Take the example of Administration officials and civil servants who fail to fall into step with White House efforts to put a rosy glow on statistics.

A year ago, Maurice Mann, then Assistant Budget Director, remarked in a speech that the Administration's economic policy could be an "abysmal failure." Unknown to him, a reporter was in the audience, and Mann's remarks were published. He was later chided by White House Assistant Peter Flanigan, not for holding the view but because he let a newsmen overhear him. This spring Sidney Jones, a professor from the University of Michigan on loan to the Council of Economic Advisers, refused to predict an economic surge based on a one-month rise in industrial production. He was

"marginally significant." Labor Secretary James Hodgson, however, publicly declared that the drop had "great significance." In March, when Hodgson termed a slight decrease in unemployment "heartening," Goldstein called it "a mixed picture." Apprised of Hodgson's view, Goldstein replied: "I am not here to support or not support the Secretary's statement. I am here to help you interpret the figures." Soon after, Hodgson, with White House concurrence, canceled Goldstein's monthly press briefings, at which he made most of his unvarnished assessments.

Last week Goldstein's department was chopped in two, and he was put in charge of the politically less sensitive half, which deals with long-term manpower trends. The Labor Department was shopping around for a new man to handle current employment statistics. Meanwhile, Peter Henle, the BLS's chief economist, who often disagreed with White House assumptions, took a leave of absence to do private research until, as BLS Commissioner Geoffrey Moore said, "an appropriate new assignment" is arranged.

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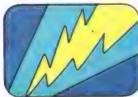
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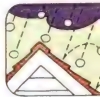
Falling objects



Lightning



Personal liability



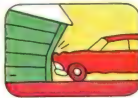
Hail



Explosion



Smoke damage



Damage from vehicles



Damage from aircraft



Living expenses



Vandalism



Robbery



Fire on contents



Court costs



THE WORLD

More Pieces in the Chinese Puzzle

NO date on the Chinese calendar is more sacred than Oct. 1, when Peking celebrates the final triumph of Mao Tse-tung's army over the Nationalists in 1949. But last week, for the first time in 22 years, there was no lavish National Day banquet, no parade through Tienanmen Square, no ringing editorials, no pecking-order appearance by Chairman Mao and the Chinese leadership atop the massive Gate of Heavenly Peace. For the watching world, there was also no explanation—only occasional half-hearted denunciations by Radio Peking of what it mocked as "rumor-mongering by the capitalists and revisionists."

Peking was unwilling or unable to clear up the strange events that had overtaken the regime on the eve of its most important annual celebration. Most outside experts were still convinced that the mystery reflected a struggle for power within the Forbidden City, one that could eventually affect China's new outward-looking foreign policy, or Richard Nixon's trip, or other developments in progress. Instead of falling into place, however, the pieces of the Chinese puzzle seemed only to multiply.

Notable Absence. The mystery began to develop three weeks ago with the sudden and almost simultaneous disappearance from public view of all the important military chiefs, most of the 21-member Politburo and the bulk of the Chinese air force, which was grounded on Sept. 13 and has yet to return to normal operations. The Chinese Foreign Ministry subsequently announced that the usual National Day hoopla would be scrapped "for reasons of economy." That did not seem to apply to China's embassies and missions round the world: they celebrated the big day with unprecedentedly lavish parties, including a bash in Geneva that featured 500 guests and a ten-course dinner.

Early last week Chinese TV viewers were urged to tune in, please, for "an important news program" to be aired next day. But the promised telecast was postponed twice, and when the big announcement came at midweek, it only deepened the mystery: like the Tienanmen parade, the great state banquet, which is always hosted by Premier Chou En-lai on the eve of National Day, would also be scrapped. Instead, a perfunctory reception took place that was notable for the absence of any Chinese officials higher in rank than doddering old Vice Chairman Tung Pi-wu, 85.

Sensational Role. What is behind the mystery? Little weight is now given to early speculation that the crisis had been set off by the death or illness of Mao, though he is 77 and a reputed suf-

ferer from Parkinson's disease. Nor do Sinologists believe that his tuberculous heir apparent, Defense Minister and Vice Chairman Lin Biao, 65, has died. Mao, it is true, has not been seen in public since August, and Lin was last seen in June. But Chinese diplomats insist that the top two men in the party hierarchy are in reasonably good health.

The most sensational possibility to surface last week was that a high-level defector might have a role in the political turmoil. The Soviet news agency Tass picked up a Mongolian dispatch concerning the crash "for unknown rea-

course. We would hardly expect a warm welcome from as revisionist a country as the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, the official *People's Daily* added support to the defector theory last week with an article attacking unnamed people who "turned their coats."

Scoring Well. If there was indeed an attempted defection, it would be a symptom, not a cause of the political jousting in Peking. Most probably, that jousting is bound up with the recently intensified efforts by army pragmatists and government moderates to rid the party of the leftist radicals who came to pow-



CHOU EN-LAI (RIGHT) LEADING SIHANOUK THROUGH SUMMER PALACE NEAR PEKING
Still unwilling, or unable, to clear up the mysteries.

sons" of a Chinese air force jet in northeast Mongolia only 60 miles from the Soviet border. The crash took place on the night of Sept. 12—the day before the air force was so suddenly grounded. Nine charred bodies, several weapons and unspecified "documents" were found in the wreckage.

Could the documents have been secret papers intended to ensure a warm reception for an important Chinese defector? One theory had it that the defector was former President Liu Shao-chi, who had been in detention since he was purged as a pro-Soviet "revisionist" in 1967 during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Another candidate was Air Force Commander Wu Fa-hsien, a Politburo member who is on the outs with moderates because of his association with the wildest of the Red Guard units during the Cultural Revolution. As an ultraleftist, of

er during the Cultural Revolution. One indication that the moderates are winning is the prominence of China's astute Premier Chou. Most of China's leaders have been making themselves scarce. Chou has been out in public nearly every day. He was the only member of the top leadership to venture out on National Day, when he led Cambodia's exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk on a tour of the grand Summer Palace on the outskirts of Peking.

Chou is scoring well outside China, too. Last week Canada and Iceland joined the growing list of countries that plan to reject the U.S. "two China" plan and vote for the seating of the Peking regime as the sole representative of China in the United Nations. It would be ironic if, after two decades of waiting, Mao's regime were to enter the U.N. in the midst of a period of great domestic upheaval.

The Making of the President

SOUTH Viet Nam President Nguyen

Van Thieu took no chances on the outcome of this week's one-man presidential election. To ensure that the voting would be undisturbed by demonstrators or the Viet Cong, he ordered soldiers, police and armed recruits of the Popular Self-Defense Force to patrol the streets and shoot to kill if necessary. As voters went to the polls, whole blocks of Saigon were barricaded or strung with barbed wire. Thieu also refrained from setting his sights too high; he declared that an even 50% of the vote would give him sufficient mandate for another four-year term.

There seemed hardly any chance, barring massive miscalculation, that he could miss so easy a mark. Not only was Thieu unopposed, but he also had sole control of the election machinery, and his poll watchers were the only ones on hand to observe what the officials he had appointed were up to. On top of all that, casting a vote of non-confidence in Thieu's "Democracy Slate" was not an easy matter. Province chiefs and mayors designated the sites of the polling places, for example; in last month's elections for the Lower House, they located the polls at convenient sites in pro-Thieu regions—but a good long walk from the nearest village in anti-government areas.

Total Control. Since the law offered no provisions for casting a no vote in a one-way contest, Thieu advised voters that they could mutilate their ballots or put empty envelopes in the ballot box to express their rejection of him. But voters who might want to do as Thieu suggested were required to drop the unused ballot on the floor, an action that

could easily be observed—and remembered—by Thieu-appointed officials.

Unable to force postponement of the election, opposition groups settled instead for a boycott—a rather futile move, since the government could announce almost any turnout that it thought appropriate. Thieu's nearly total control of the situation was evident when the frustrated and factious anti-government forces met last week to try to organize a broadly based opposition. They managed only to form a loose committee and named as its chairman General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, who dropped out of the presidential election last month charging that the vote was rigged in advance. Minh did not even bother to attend last week's meeting.

"People's Force." A second meeting, called by Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, gathered in downtown Saigon under the name of "The Congress of the People's Force Against Dictatorship." As soldiers armed with M-16s and grenade launchers stationed themselves nearby, one after another of the speakers denounced Thieu and the "unconstitutional, undemocratic and illegal election." Ky arrived surrounded by M-16-packing airmen. Said he: "I ask the people not to participate in the election, nor to go to the polls, nor to accept the results of the election."

In Hue, students and disabled veterans staged several large demonstrations, burned Thieu posters, and hurled Molotov cocktails at the police. At one point, more than a thousand students on the old city side of the Perfume River struggled to link up with 200 others on the Hue University side. Combat police used tear gas and repeated bursts from their M-16s to break up the demonstration.

Heating up South Viet Nam's election fever may also have been one motive for heavy North Vietnamese attacks last week against ARVN forces guarding the Cambodian-South Viet Nam border. Despite daily raids by U.S. B-52 bombers against North Vietnamese positions in eastern Cambodia, the South Vietnamese reported heavy casualties. (At week's end, Soviet President Nikolai V. Podgorny, heading a high-ranking delegation, flew into Hanoi in an effort by the Russians to reassure Hanoi of continued support, despite any *détente* between Washington and Peking.)

Little Choice. Winding up his campaign, Thieu last week appeared on television to review his accomplishments. Said Thieu: "We have not only thwarted a Communist military victory, but we have also obtained many encouraging results in the building of democracy and improvement of society." Thieu's platform, in short, was his own version of peace and prosperity—a version that South Viet Nam's voters, whether so inclined or not, had little choice but to endorse.



PRESIDENT THIEU
An even 50% was enough.

SPAIN

Beyond Franco

A cheering crowd of 300,000 Spaniards crushed into Madrid's Plaza de Oriente in front of the imposing 18th-century Royal Palace last week and raised a stiff-armed fascist salute to the tiny, frail man of 78 on the palace balcony. The occasion was the 35th anniversary of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's formation of the Insurgent government in 1936. Addressing the throng with tears in his eyes, the durable dictator promised in a barely audible voice that he would continue to rule "as long as God gives me life and a clear mind."

Brink of Change. The homage to Franco was genuine enough. He has, after all, given Spain one of the longest periods of peace in its history and has presided over its most prosperous decade. As for Spain's autocratic political system, the Caudillo last year assured his subjects in a pseudonymous newspaper article that "our peculiarity is no defect," and few of his countrymen seem to disagree. In telling contrast to the cheering crowd in the Plaza de Oriente, slightly more than half the eligible voters turned out for last week's election to the Cortes, or parliament. Only a fifth of the seats in the largely rubber-stamp assembly are filled by direct ballot, and half the 230 candidates already held government posts or were dependent upon the regime for their jobs.



Nonetheless, everyone in Spain is well aware that the country is on the brink of the biggest change since the civil war. President Franco has been showing signs of his age for some time, and his health is reportedly declining. A year ago, he distressed a visiting Richard Nixon by apparently falling asleep in the middle of a conversation.

Already, Spaniards are beginning to


VETERAN CHASING THIEU SUPPORTER



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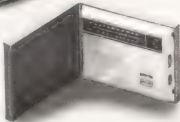
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*The quality goes in
before the name goes on*

examine the credentials of the men who will succeed Franco. His successor as Head of State has already been chosen: Prince Juan Carlos, 33, who appeared on the palace balcony with the Caudillo at the anniversary celebrations last week, will be crowned King, probably before the end of the year. Vice President Luis Carrero Blanco, 68, will inherit political power for a transitional period. But the man who will likely shape post-Franco Spain will be either Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó, 50, or Foreign Minister Gregorio López Bravo, 47.

López Rodó, a tall, balding bachelor, is a conservative and a monarchist. He has been a strong supporter of Prince Juan Carlos and is sure to play an important role when the young Prince is crowned. The introverted López Rodó, an expert on administrative law, is credited as the architect of Spain's economic resurgence, an average growth rate of

Industry, the government was scandalized by a \$190 million textile credit embezzlement, the Matesa case, and would have been deeply embarrassed if the case had ever been fully exposed. But, in observance of the 35th anniversary last week, Franco ordered a broad amnesty releasing 3,000 people from jail and dropping charges against anyone facing a penalty of less than six months, a category that includes embezzlement. Thus the Matesa case is closed.

Signs of Unrest. As Foreign Minister, López Bravo has as one of his priorities "to bring Spain into Western Europe." He also wants to help create a "Mediterranean conscience" among the 17 nations bordering that sea to help bring about a balanced and mutual reduction of forces in the area. He indicated to Rademakers that Spain is breaking away from overreliance on the U.S. as far for Communist countries. "we want relations independent of ideologies."

UNITED NATIONS The Planetary Spirit

As the General Assembly of the United Nations settled down for its 26th session last week, the traditionally wide-ranging opening debate allowed almost everyone a chance to speak his mind on almost anything. Amid the logorrhea, the delegates were able to point to one U.N. achievement. From Geneva, representatives of 25 nations forwarded to the General Assembly a draft agreement to destroy germ weapons. The U.N. must approve the convention, and then the nations who sign it will have nine months to reduce their bacteriological arsenals.

Unusual Invetive. Apart from the question of China's admission, the dominant issue was the perennially deadlocked Middle East. The Security Council unanimously passed a resolution urging Israel to desist from its attempts to change the status of Jerusalem. Soviet Delegate Yakov Malik accused Israel of fascism and racism for building Israeli housing on what had been Arab land. If the plight of Soviet Jews improved, Israeli Ambassador Yosef Tekoah countered, "the voice of the Soviet Union would be heard with greater respect." At that Malik warned, "Don't stick your long nose into our garden. History shows that those who do, lose their noses."

It was left to the U.N.'s most mellifluous spokesmen to lift the tone of the conversation. Israel's Abba Eban suggested that he and Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad meet on the stalemate Suez Canal issue. Such a confrontation is not likely, but the offer gave Eban a chance to criticize and praise the U.N. in its 26th year. Eban lamented that "in the work of the U.N., there is a strong accent on public controversy and a relative neglect of private conciliation." But he also noted that "this organization, for all its imperfection, is the only organized expression of the planetary spirit."

Linguistic Lobbying. In the U.N. corridors, interest concentrated on some personnel matters. The retirement of Under Secretary-General Ralph Bunche, who won the Nobel Prize for his 1949 peace-making role in the Middle East, was announced. Bunche is seriously ill with heart disease, kidney trouble and diabetes.

His departure precedes that of Secretary-General U. Thant, who has decided to retire after ten years. Among the candidates to succeed Thant is Finnish Ambassador to the U.N. Max Jakobson. The French government, however, last week suddenly began to lobby for selection of someone more linguistically able. Distressed by the poor French of Thant, the French are hoping for a French-speaking successor. A favorite appears to be Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, who is the U.N. high commissioner for refugees and speaks the language expertly.



LÓPEZ RODÓ

THE CAUDILLO

LÓPEZ BRAVO

A task made more complex by long years of suppression.

7.6% over the past ten years. He is convinced that economic progress must precede political change, a term he cautiously leaves undefined. Change comes "slowly in this country," he told TIME's William Rademakers. "But I see change coming. I personally believe it will come in January or February"—a hint that Franco might step down at that time.

Politically Flexible. López Rodó's personality contrasts sharply with López Rodó's. The Foreign Minister is outgoing, articulate, and a family man with nine children. He is also widely regarded as the best-looking Foreign Minister in Europe, as well as the best traveled, having visited 60 countries in the past three years. Tough and openly ambitious, he is more politically flexible than López Rodó: he has been associated with both the half-moribund Falange party and the pragmatic, outward-looking Opus Dei, whose members (including López Rodó) dominate Franco's Cabinet. While he was Minister of

López Bravo's energetic personality makes it likely he will someday be Spain's Prime Minister. Whoever takes over in the post-Franco era will face a task made more complex by the long years during which opposition was suppressed. Almost every institution in Spain—from the army to the church and even Opus Dei itself—is divided between conservative and moderately progressive wings, and on how to deal with increasing signs of unrest. In recent weeks there have been clashes between police and unemployed workers in the poor *harríos* of Madrid, and demonstrations against rising prices (Spain's inflation rate is 7.8%). Campus riots protesting Spain's government have become common.

Thus many Spaniards feel uneasy about the impending change in government. Franco has at least been able to hold all of Spain's diverse factions together. There is no guarantee that his successor will be able to do the same.

Spies: Foot Soldiers in an Endless War

OUTSIDE London's Marlborough Street magistrates' court one morning last week, a throng of newsmen waited impatiently. The object of their interest, an ostensibly minor Soviet trade official named Oleg Lyalin, 34, failed to show up to answer the charges against him—"driving while unfit through drink." He was resting instead in a comfortable country house near London where, for the past several weeks, he had been giving British intelligence a complete rundown on local Soviet espionage operations. His revelations prompted the British government two weeks ago to carry out the most drastic action ever undertaken in the West against Soviet spies: the expulsion of 105 diplomats and other officials—nearly 20% of the 550 Russian officials based in Britain.

The case generated waves from Moscow to Manhattan. As soon as Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev returned to the Soviet capital from his three-day visit to Yugoslavia, he took the extraordinary step of convening an emergency meeting of the 15-man Politburo right on the premises of Vnukovo Airport. The high-level conference, which forced a 24-hour delay of a state dinner in honor of India's visiting Premier Indira Gandhi, might have dealt with the still-mysterious goings-on in China. But it might also have dealt with the difficult problem of how the Kremlin should react to the unprecedented British expulsions—a problem that Moscow, by week's end, had not yet solved.

Potato-Faced Fellows

In Manhattan, British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home spent 80 minutes with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. "We have taken our action," said Sir Alec, "and that's all there is to it." Nonetheless, he emphasized that the British step was "designed to remove an obstacle to good relations." Harrumphed Gromyko: "That's a fine way to improve relations." He added that Moscow would be forced to retaliate. But the British apparently knew of some spies among the remaining 445 Russians in Britain. "Yes," said a Foreign Office man, "we have retained second-strike capability."

The British case dramatized the expense and expense of espionage activity round the world. It was also a reminder that the old spy business, which has received little attention in the past three or four years, is as intense—and dirty—as ever, despite the rise of a new type of operative. Since World War II, espionage has undergone a metamorphosis. For a time, its stars were the famed "illegal" or "deep cover" agents—the Colonel Abels, the Gordon Londales, the Kim Philby. Says British Sovietologist Robert Conquest: "These men compare with the massive

embassy operations rather as a skilled armored thrust compares with human-wave tactics in war." Moreover, the growing phalanxes of routine operatives are supported by spy-in-the-sky satellites that can send back photographs showing the precise diameter of a newly dug missile silo. But even as the modern army still needs the foot soldier, so does espionage still need the agent on the ground. "A photograph may show you what a new plane looks like," says a key intelligence expert, "but it won't tell you what's inside those engines and how they operate. For that you still need someone to tell you."

Eric Ambler, author of spy mysteries, has little use for the new species of

007s: have largely given way to the undramatic, plodding and featureless agents who count it a job well done if they wheedle a photostat of a set of circuits out of a computer repairman for \$80.

Wide-Open Country

The heroes, if there are any at all, sit behind gray desks in Moscow; Langley, Va.; and London. There they must sift through tons of material provided by hundreds of different sources before they can, with luck, piece together a picture of, say, the locking mechanism on a swing-wing fighter. Many of the reports are useless, some are contradictory and others are de-

ALAN GORDON



BBC FILM SHOWING SOVIET "DIPLOMAT" AT SECRET PICKUP POINT
There was still a roar in the old lion.

spy, particularly the representatives of the *Komitet Gosudarstvenno Bezopasnosti* (KGB), the Soviet Committee for State Security, and the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. "KGB men?" he sneers. "They're the potato-faced fellows you see on trains in Eastern Europe wearing suits that aren't quite right and smelling too much of eau de cologne. The CIA people all smell like aftershave lotion. They always look as if they are on their way to some boring sales conference for an unexciting product—and in a way, they are."

In one respect, Ambler is unfair and behind the times. The contemporary KGB man is generally far more polished, more sophisticated, more accomplished in foreign languages and manners than his counterpart of a few years ago. But Ambler is right in saying that the Mata Hari and the

literately misleading, planted by departments of "disinformation."

It is work that occupies tens of thousands of mathematicians and cryptographers, clerks and military analysts, often with the most trivial-seeming tasks. Yet it is work that no major nation feels it can afford to halt. Says a former British ambassador: "We all spy, of course, more or less. But the Russians are rather busier at it than most. They're more basic too: not so subtle as our chaps. I like to think that we have a certain finesse in our methods—that we don't go at the thing bullheaded. But maybe our tasks are different from theirs, just because this country is so wide open."

Wide open or not, there remains the question, in Eric Ambler's words: "What on earth has the KGB got to spy on in Britain? You would think 105 spies



DZERZHINSKY STATUE WITH KGB AT LEFT
Watchdogs for everybody...

could cover the whole of America." However, as a top Whitehall official told an American last week: "I rather think the Russians look upon London as a good place to collect information about you." Agreed an equally high functionary in Washington: "The Russians know full well that the one country with which the U.S. shares more information than any other is Britain. They know Britain is the only country with which we share nuclear secrets."

Ladies' Man

Oleg Lyalin and his colleagues would have been delighted to steal such secrets. Most of their work was more mundane, however, although some of it struck deeply enough at the security of NATO. Among the papers Lyalin delivered to British intelligence were contingency plans for sabotaging Britain's early-warning systems for detecting approaching missiles, presumably including the huge new U.S.-built installation at Orford Ness.

For almost a week after the case broke, Lyalin's identity remained a secret. Finally, when two *Daily Express* reporters called at the Soviet embassy, Second Secretary Vladimir Pavlov proved to be surprisingly communicative. "His name, gentlemen," said Pavlov, "was in your newspaper." He held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart to indicate that he was referring to a small story. Sure enough, the *Express* had carried a ten-line item on Aug. 31 about the arrest of Lyalin and his release on \$120 bail. Two hours after Lyalin failed to keep his court dates, the Foreign Office confirmed that he was indeed the Soviet defector.

British intelligence had wanted to keep the secret for a while, in hopes of flushing out the frightened British citizens who had been running errands for other Russian spies: in fact, arrests were expected momentarily. By leaking his name and depicting him as an alcoholic and a ladies' man, the Soviets hoped to cast doubt on his importance and his character: in the process, they also betrayed the fact that, even in this drab age, the life of a spy can have its high points. A natty dresser who bought his clothes in Regent Street, Oleg was known as a big spender who, according to one restaurateur, "thought nothing of picking up an £80 [\$192] tab." He had a wife and seven-year-old son in Moscow.



KGB CHIEF ANDROPOV
... even the Party bosses.

but British newspapers linked him with at least five women in London—an Israeli student, a Czech student, two English secretaries and "a gorgeous Russian blonde,"—Irina Teplyakova, thirtyish and the wife of another Soviet official. Oleg and Irina had been seen together in London restaurants and nightclubs for months, and though she is not believed to be with the KGB, she defected with him. Oleg was supposed to be a trade official who bought such British-made items as panty hose and negligees for export. He was actually a captain in the KGB, and was thought to be a relative of Lieut. General Serafim Lyalin, head of the KGB directorate that deals with breaking codes.

Limits of Decency

The information furnished by Lyalin proved the last straw for Prime Minister Edward Heath's Conservative government. Douglas-Home wrote to Gromyko last Dec. 3 and again on Aug. 4 to complain about the growing number of Soviet spies in Britain. The Russians never bothered to reply. In a particularly brazen gesture, the Soviets announced that they intended to send to

London as a first secretary in their embassy a KGB agent who had been expelled from Britain only three years earlier for trying to bribe an English businessman to sell military secrets. "It's not for me to say that one shouldn't spy," a top member of the Foreign Office told *TIME* last week, "but there are limits of decency even in that sort of activity." At a meeting of Heath, Douglas-Home, Defense Minister Lord Carrington and Home Secretary Reginald Maudling, the government decided on the mass expulsion.

Most of Britain's allies, though officially silent, were delighted by London's daring move. Some, however, privately expressed nervousness about the Soviet reaction. For most Britons, the case of the drunken defector gave rise to an exhilarating feeling that the lion had not lost all of its roar. The Foreign Office, its reputation tarnished for two decades by the Burgess-MacLean-Philby case, seemed enveloped in euphoria. The *Manchester Guardian* weakly applauded the move, noting that Moscow's failure to reply to Douglas-Home's letters "suggests something more important than discourtesy. It indicates a cynical belief that we would meekly accept behavior which is outrageous."

Clicking Tongues

Not everybody agreed. Former Laborite Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart said the expulsions created too much of a "splash." Some critics complained that the Tories were trying to torpedo the projected European security conference, through which the Soviets hope to win Western recognition of the status quo in Eastern Europe. In fact, the British action appears to have been carefully timed to avoid damaging the conference. The British waited to move until after the four-power Berlin agreement was signed last month, and they acted well before the meeting, which is not likely to take place before mid-1972.

The Soviets responded with a campaign that mounted in intensity as the week wore on. As some of the expelled officials—who included nine of the embassy's eleven counselors and five of its twelve first secretaries—began crating furniture and canceling milk deliveries, the Kremlin launched a press campaign. *Pravda* accused London of "witch hunting" and declared that British intelligence uses British businessmen, tourists, journalists and scientists in the Soviet Union to carry out its "sinister aims." In Moscow, Kim Philby, the Briton who defected to the U.S.S.R. in 1963, named 20 British diplomats as agents for British intelligence, mainly in the Middle East.

Philby's office nowadays is located in KGB headquarters in the midst of Moscow, across Dzerzhinsky Square from a children's department store and round the corner from a huge book shop. No sign or flag indicates that it is the bastion of the Soviet secret police. In front



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of it stands the giant statue of the first Soviet secret policeman, Felix E. Dzerzhinsky, who ran the police until his death in 1926. In the same building is dank Lubyanka prison, where political prisoners undergo their initial conditioning: in his novel *The First Circle*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote how its warders clicked their tongues to warn each other whenever they were escorting a prisoner: "One prisoner must never be allowed to encounter another, never be allowed to draw comfort or support from the look in his eyes."

The Soviet secret police, of course, have a dual function. At home they were never busier than during the Stalin era, when they organized and executed the purges and ran the labor camps. Today the KGB is headed by Yuri Andropov, 57, a Brezhnev protégé who is clearly subordinate to the political arm of the party. A powerfully built man over 6 ft. tall, Andropov proved his ruthlessness in Hungary as ambassador at the time of the 1956 uprising. It was he who encouraged a delegation of Hungarians to meet with top Soviet officers in Budapest to



CIA HEADQUARTERS IN LANGLEY, VA.

One out of nine.

talk about a withdrawal of Russian troops: two days later, when a settlement seemed near, General Ivan Serov, then head of the KGB, burst in on the parley with a platoon of agents and arrested the rebel leaders, many of whom were later executed. In 1967, Andropov became head of the KGB, and thereby master of the most formidable power complex in the Soviet Union outside the armed forces.

Even though the days of wholesale exile and mass murder are past, the

KGB retains awesome power. Andropov performs the functions of CIA Head Richard Helms, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Secret Service Chief James J. Rowley rolled up into one—and then some. His budget is unknown. He commands an army of 300,000 that protects the Soviet leadership (and spies on some factions on behalf of others), tries to keep military units ideologically pure with a network of 80,000 political commissars down to the battalion level, ferrets out domestic dissidents, guards factories, railways, airports and border posts, and runs prisons and labor camps. It keeps hundreds of foreigners in Moscow under surveillance; and on occasion it has even bugged the seal of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow—an act that the U.S. publicized during the U-2 affair of 1960.

All this internal security is in the hands of the KGB's second chief directorate. The heart of the organization's foreign-intelligence operation is the first chief directorate, whose functions are roughly equivalent to the CIA's. Its boss was least known to be—and may still be—Alexander Sakharovskiy. He

Picnics and Wet Stuff

THOUGH operatives of the CIA are cautioned not to use professional slang lest they be identified as spies, the argot of espionage has become part of the language around the world. Herewith a glossary of current spy terms, most of them used in the West but some international:

BAG JOB: In the U.S., an illegal search of a suspected spy's residence to obtain incriminating information. Also, sending secret data back home through the diplomatic pouch.

BLACK BAGGING: Delivery of funds to an undercover agent or network by a courier.

BLOWN: When an agent's identity has been discovered.

COME HOME: "Coming in from the cold," as in John le Carré's novel, is the old-fashioned equivalent of "come home," which describes an agent's withdrawal from active espionage in the field.

THE COMPANY: The CIA.

CONDITIONING: Political agitation caused by the effective use of disinformation (see below).

CONTROLLER: An agent's direct supervisor or case officer.

DEAD DROP or DEAD-LETTER BOX: A hiding place where an agent can deposit or collect messages and material.

DIRTY GAMES: Insidious work, such as blackmailing a foreign official or businessman to force him into espionage against his own country.

DISINFORMATION: Spreading of false propaganda and forged documents to confuse counter-intelligence or create political unrest or scandals.

EXECUTIVE ACTION: Any violent action including assassination, or sabotage or, in Britain, arrest. The Soviets call it *mokrye dela* (wet stuff).

FLAPS WELL DOWN: An old phrase still used in Britain, describing an agent who is worried about his future and lying low. Applicable to KGB agents in Britain today.

ILLEGAL: An illegal is an agent with "deep cover," infiltrated into another country posing as a citizen.

LEGAL: An intelligence officer who holds a "legal" embassy post or is assigned to another legitimate organization.

MINUS ADVANTAGE: An unsuccessful project that left those who planned it worse off than before.

N.T.: No trace, as when an agent is asked for information on someone and can find nothing.

PICNIC: A place or country in which operations are easy. West Germany is considered to be a picnic for the Soviets.

REGROOMING: Training in the culture and language of the country an agent will be assigned to.

REZIDENT: Soviet term for a chief KGB officer, the equivalent of a CIA station chief, in a Soviet embassy abroad. His headquarters is the *rezidentura*.

SAFE HOUSE: A secure, unbugged meeting place.

SIS: The British DI-6 (equivalent to the CIA); the letters stand for Secret Intelligence Services. Also known as "The Old Firm," as referred to by British Ambassador Sir Geoffrey Jackson, when he said he had been relying on it to secure his release from the Tupamaros in Uruguay.

SPOOK: Vernacular for a spy.

SURVEILLANCE, HOT AND COLD: Cold surveillance is secretive and meant to go unnoticed by the target. Hot surveillance is open tailing or bugging of a person for harassment or intimidation purposes.

SWALLOWS: Girls used for entrapment through sexual blackmail for espionage purposes.

TERMINATED WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE: Killed.

TO TIP: A term for recruitment of an operative.

TURN AROUND: Recruiting a defector to spy on his own agency before his defection has been noticed.

WALK-IN: A defecting agent.

WET STUFF: An executive action where blood is meant to flow.

Highly placed members of the intelligence community in Paris believe that SIS did help to arrange the escape of 106 Tupamaros from the Uruguayan prison that led to Jackson's release last month.

is now about 70, and Washington experts speculate that he may have been retired, but they are not certain and do not know who his replacement might be.

Of his 9,000 officers, about 3,500 are stationed abroad. They may be assigned to an embassy or to newsgathering outfits such as Tass or Pravda, or to any of a host of other organizations—Soviet Export Films, the Moscow Narodny Bank, the Russian Lumber Import Co., Intourist, Aeroflot, Black Sea Baltic Insurance, Morflot Shipping. The Soviet government is totally integrated, without neat divisions between diplomats, intelligence officers and journalists. That helps explain why the Soviets and East Europeans almost automatically regard Western journalists as agents of the CIA or Britain's DI-6 (for Defense Intelligence, 6th Section, formerly MI-6).

Young Russians are recruited with promises of an exciting career, travel abroad, such perquisites as autos and expense accounts, and early retirement at 55. As for foreign talent, the Soviets after World War II relied on a succession of ideologically convinced Communists in the West as their principal undercover agents. Today the Russians are usually forced to recruit foreigners through blackmail or money.

Jumbled Numbers

As many as 50% to 75% of all Soviet officials stationed abroad are estimated by U.S. sources to be KGB agents. The percentage is lower in big industrial countries, where Moscow has many legitimate interests to oversee and services to perform, and much higher in underdeveloped lands. These estimates do not include the far smaller but vital contingents of KGB officers who function as undercover "illegals" under assumed names and do not operate through their embassies but report to "controllers" or directly to Moscow.

Their activities cover a wide range. They collect military and political information. They engage in industrial espionage, which has become an important part of their work. They keep rival spy networks under surveillance and strive to infiltrate them. They also engage in "wet stuff," the Soviet euphemism for violence (see glossary, page 44), although less frequently than in earlier times. Most wet-stuff activity in West Germany has been conducted against Russians living in exile and working for the overthrow of the Moscow regime. The last known case was the 1959 murder, with a special cyanide pellet fired from a pistol, of Ukrainian Exile Leader Stefan Bandera in Munich.

A considerable number of KGB agents abroad are primarily concerned with the Soviet Union's "main enemies," the U.S. and China. There are more than 200 staff members at the Soviet embassy in Washington, whose mansard roof bristles with more antennas than any other place in the area except the

Pentagon. There are 82 diplomats in the Soviet mission to the U.N., plus 227 Russians on the staff of the U.N. Secretariat. At least 20% of all these are believed to be KGB agents. The Soviets also maintain large KGB forces in the countries of the U.S.'s principal allies—notably Britain, Canada and West Germany. In 1970, West German counter-intelligence seized no fewer than 768 Communist spies. Even so, West German sources estimate that there are as many as 16,000 spies still at work, and Communists are acquiring recruits at the rate of two a day.

There are several reasons for West Germany's status as the spy center of Europe: it is part of a divided country on the edge of the East-West chasm, it is the base for 210,000 U.S. troops and a sizable nuclear arsenal, and it can be easily serviced from espionage centers in East Germany. On certain nights, a voice broadcast over a short-wave band from the closely guarded Karlshorst

Compound in a suburb of East Berlin will rattle off a burst of jumbled numbers aimed at a KGB undercover agent somewhere in Western Europe. The agent will respond by using the "dead-letter box" system or a powerful two-way radio no larger than three packs of king-size cigarettes.

Individuals as Ammunition

The Russians, of course, are far from the only players in the game. Moscow's agents may be especially aggressive, but Russian espionage has a strong defensive streak, linked to a conviction that half the world is against the Soviet Union—a conviction that began with the never-forgotten Western attempts to crush the Revolution. The West is usually more squeamish about espionage than Russia or other Communist countries. David Cornwell, the Briton who writes realistic spy fiction under the pen name John le Carré (*The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*), once observed that the West does not believe in "eating people" and yet is forced to defend this very principle by using individuals as "ammunition." In the U.S., espionage was grossly neglected until the advent of the cold war. In 1928, Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson was shocked to learn that the State Department had a cryptographic bureau. He fired the founder of the code-breaking agency, observing: "Gentlemen do not read other people's mail." But since then, the U.S. has overcome these and other scruples; it has learned a great many lessons from its opponents.

The trauma of Pearl Harbor led directly to the establishment of the wartime Office of Strategic Services and, in 1947, the powerful Central Intelligence Agency. Today the CIA, with a budget believed to be over \$500 million, has 15,000 employees in Washington and several thousand agents abroad. Moreover, the CIA is but one of nine major U.S. intelligence-gath-





HENRY CABOT LODGE DISPLAYING "BUGGED" PLAQUE FROM U.S. EMBASSY IN MOSCOW
Busier than most, and more basic.

ering organizations," though it does send the most agents into the field. The total U.S. intelligence "community" has a force of about 100,000 and a staggering budget of about \$3.5 billion.

A Swallow Named Zina

Though the KGB's foreign directorate has a smaller staff, it fields more agents than its American counterpart. Says a U.S. intelligence official: "The Soviets not only are very good, but they also outnumber the U.S. by a factor of at least two." Both agencies are adept at dirty tricks. "We still try to get them with broads, or find out the homosexuals, or if they have debts," admits a top CIA man. One U.S. agent became friendly with a man he knew to be a top Soviet operative in Africa. The Russian ran into financial trouble. Eventually the two became steady—and heavy—drinking partners, usually at the American's flat. "It suddenly struck me that I was getting so stoned that the next morning I couldn't remember anything either of us had said," the American recalls. U.S. technicians "wired the whole damned apartment for sound," and every word was subsequently recorded. But, the American adds: "Even dead drunk, he didn't give anything away. The only thing I can brag about is that I was just as drunk—and I didn't blow anything either."

A grimmer case involving efforts to compromise an enemy concerns former

British Naval Commander Anthony Courtney. A onetime chief of the Soviet section of naval intelligence, Courtney retired, began a successful business as a consultant on East-West trade, and won election as a Tory Member of Parliament. In Commons, Courtney seized on the dangers of Soviet spying as one of his big issues. That irritated the KGB. Before he came up for re-election, the KGB reached into its files and produced a 1961 photo showing Courtney in compromising positions with a comely, blonde, hazel-eyed Intourist guide named Zina. a "swallow" he had met on a business trip to Moscow following the death of his first wife. The photos were widely distributed and Courtney

soon lost his second wife, his business and his seat in Parliament. He is now remarried and running a touch-typing school in Wiltshire.

The cases of four Soviet agents in Britain, all attached to the Soviet embassy or trade delegation, illustrate the range of routine intelligence activity. All four were asked to leave Britain within the past three years. One, a collector of industrial documents, was caught picking up material left for him by another agent in a dead-letter box. Another specialized in obtaining embargoed goods, and attempted to bribe engineers to give him electronic and computer equipment. A third promised a Briton money if he would get a job in the Ministry of Defense, and a fourth tried to acquire a classified telephone directory from a Defense Ministry employee.

Hits and Misses

Qualitative comparisons between spy systems are difficult to make. The CIA, which receives input from all parts of the U.S. intelligence establishment, is probably more expert, but Western intelligence officials give the KGB high marks for its professionalism and discipline. Despite the famed defections of the postwar period, British intelligence is highly regarded by most of its U.S. counterparts; so, to a somewhat lesser extent, is French intelligence. Many experts agree that man for man and dollar for dollar, the Israelis have the best intelligence service in the world—possibly because of their sense of community and beleaguement. Among the Israeli achievements: learning the substance of Nikita Khrushchev's 1956 de-stalinization speech at the 20th Soviet

The Professor from Seattle, Oregon

Western journalists on assignment to Eastern Europe often operate under a double handicap. Because they are inquisitive by trade, they are usually assumed to be agents working for the CIA. Or, equally bothersome, they are harassed by KGB agents who try to pump them for information. Two years ago, TIME Washington Correspondent William Mader came across an unusually inept operative while he was in Prague. As Mader recounts it:

I WAS approached in the sordid lounge of the famed Alcron Hotel by a portly, fortyish fellow who sported a handsome toothbrush mustache and a button-down Oxford-cloth shirt. He plumped himself down in an overstuffed armchair next to me. After ordering scotch with water "but no ice," he introduced himself as "Roger Smith, a professor of social sciences." He noted that he was an American scholar studying the aftereffects of the "Prague Spring" and

the Soviet invasion. With a heavy Slavic accent, he lapsed for several minutes into part sociological jargon, part hilariously outdated American slang, last heard in 1930 movies.

Upon my pressing questions, he admitted affiliation with the "University of Seattle—you know, in Oregon." When I queried him about the current price of McDonald's hamburgers, he brushed it aside with: "I've come directly from the States. I haven't been to Scotland recently." Thereupon, he began flashing small cards at me with the penciled names of Czech dissidents, deeply involved in the Dubček era. I instantly recognized them, but pretended not to know them at all. After a dozen tries, my friend sneered, "You're not very good at your job, are you?" I assured him that I was far better at mine than he was at his. Muttering an oath, he got up, walked across the lobby and sidled up to another Western reporter, to begin the same routine.

• The others: The Atomic Energy Commission, for all nuclear activities; the National Security Agency, for codes, cryptographics and military communications satellites; the Department of State's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, for political and economic trends abroad; the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for keeping track of foreign embassies, as does the KGB's second chief directorate; the Defense Department's Defense Intelligence Agency, for assessing the worldwide military situation; the Army's G-2, the Air Force's A-2 and the Navy's Office of Naval Intelligence, which evaluate the world's land, air and sea forces.

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The 450. We taught it everything we know.

Polaroid's 450



Party Congress well in advance of U.S. intelligence; and knowing the location of every plane in the Egyptian air force and where nearly every pilot would be (at breakfast) when the Six-Day War was launched in 1967.

Stolen Sidewinder

Both the CIA and the KGB have had their share of successes and disasters. The CIA prides itself on the Penkovsky case, which exposed the operation—and many of the personnel—of the Soviet military intelligence network. In 1967, the CIA managed the skillful extrication from Moscow of KGB Colonel Evgeny Runge, who had led a spy network in West Germany. Until the Francis Gary Powers case, the U-2 operation was a major intelligence success. The CIA is also credited with obtaining superior information about Soviet military devel-

North America. In Bonn, freelance Photographer Heinz Sütterlin wooed and won the plump secretary of a high Foreign Ministry official and sent nearly 1,000 secret papers to Moscow before a defector blew his cover and prompted the ill-used Mrs. Sütterlin to commit suicide. Heinz Felfe, who held a key position in the BND, the West German equivalent of the CIA, for ten years was a double agent who supplied the Soviets with the names of West German agents in the East, codes, dead-letter drops and courier routes. He all but wiped out BND operations in the Soviet orbit. To keep him above suspicion, Moscow regularly gave him important secrets concerning East German agents; he was so valuable that the KGB even allowed him to betray a lesser Soviet spy to Bonn.

Perhaps the weirdest case in the KGB's history—and one of its dizziest triumphs—occurred in 1967, when three men stole a Sidewinder missile from a supposedly well-guarded NATO base at Zell and drove 300 miles along the autobahn to Krefeld with the 91-ft. rocket sticking out a window. When their leader, Manfred Ramming, inquired at the Düsseldorf airport about the best way to get a shipment to Moscow, KLM suggested air freight and Lufthansa assured him that nobody at the German customs office would bother about the contents. Ramming followed the advice, then boarded a jet for Moscow, with the missile's ignition switch in his hand luggage.

On arrival, he was dismayed to learn that something had gone wrong: the box containing the missile had been off-loaded in Copenhagen by mistake and sent back to Düsseldorf. When the box finally arrived in Moscow after a ten-day delay, the Soviets could hardly believe their eyes. "Brüderchen [Little Brother]," roared Ramming's contact in the KGB, shaking with laughter, "You're a superman!"

Not all KGB exploits are so successful. There was, for example, the case last March involving Mexican students sent through Moscow to North Korea for guerrilla training. But the war goes on in every part of the globe. Items:

► In September 1969, KGB agents in Beirut tried to steal a French-built Mirage 111-E fighter from the Lebanese air force to test against Soviet MIGs. They offered a young Lebanese fighter pilot \$2,000,000 to fly his plane to Baku in the Soviet Union. The officer reported the offer to his superiors, and the two Russians, caught red-handed with a \$200,000 down-payment check, were wounded in a shootout with Leb-

anese police and were quickly deported.

► Even though they suspected Communist agents of stirring up university students to oppose the regime, Congolese officials agreed early this year to permit a 15-man Soviet football team to visit the country. A few days after the team ended its tour, however, the Kinshasa government discovered that only eleven players had departed; the remaining four, quietly at work in the Soviet embassy, were subsequently expelled.

► In Japan, the Soviets' chief interest is the U.S. military hardware. A month ago, police arrested Kazuo Kobayashi, 41, after catching him trying to buy the plans for a Phantom-fighter missile and radar systems from an American G.I. for \$555. Then, with Kobayashi's help, they confronted his contact, who had identified himself only as "Ed" but proved to be Lieut. Colonel Lev Konokov, assistant military and air attaché at the Soviet embassy in Tokyo.

How to Save Money

Most of the world's governments are becoming increasingly bureaucratic and secretive. A case in point is the Pentagon's passion for classifying every document in sight. If those secret stamps were used less frequently, spies would be a lot less busy trying to grab often totally unimportant material.

The Soviets, moreover, are inclined to accord greater respect to information that has been acquired deviously—even if it is as accessible as a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. In *The First Circle*, Novelist Solzhenitsyn scathingly described a prison research institute run by Soviet intelligence where American magazines that were sold to anyone in the U.S. "were here numbered, bound with string, classified and sealed up in fireproof safes, out of reach of American spies." The result, for the CIA as well as the KGB, is an astonishing amount of make-work and the accumulation of vast amounts of material that simply cannot be digested—even with computers reminiscent of Len Deighton's *The Billion Dollar Brain* constantly whirring.

Is it all necessary? During his 1959 visit to the U.S., Khrushchev told Allen Dulles, then director of the CIA: "We should buy our intelligence data together and save money. We'd have to pay the same people only once." There is undeniable appeal in that proposal, but the world simply does not run that way. For the foreseeable future and probably forever, there will be unremarkable-looking men poking around English factories or East-bloc offices, busily ferreting out farm reports, industrial blueprints and highway maps, while British or Hungarian agents keep an eye on them. From the tons of material they gather, occasionally—but only very occasionally—something will emerge that will make the head man in Langley, Va., or Dzerzhinsky Square in Moscow reach for his direct line to the White House or the Kremlin.




KIM PHILBY

RUDOLF ABEL

No more stars.

opments and Chinese nuclear-weapons progress, and with sound assessments of the situation in Viet Nam (which were frequently ignored by policymakers). Among its setbacks: the Bay of Pigs, although this was a failure of decision making as well as intelligence, and the failure to warn of the Berlin Wall's construction in 1961 or Khrushchev's fall from power in 1964. In some cases, the agency was plagued by the ever-present problem of drawing the line between operations and intelligence; the line became unrecognizably blurred in places like Laos and Guatemala.

One of the KGB's most notable successes was the Burgess-MacLean-Philby case, a classic example of successful infiltration aided by the refusal of the British Foreign Office's "old boys" to admit that one of their class could betray the country. Colonel Rudolf Abel spent nine years in the U.S. running a spy network that may have covered all of



Unfortunately, your new 1972 winter
will soon be ready for delivery.

Fortunately, a new Firestone tire that
will change the way you feel about driving
in winter is ready for delivery now.

Turn the page and read all about the Firestone 'asymmetrical' Town & Country winter tire

Now Firestone

Starts you, stops you, steers you through



HOW?

- 1** With three different tread sections instead of two.

See the differences in the tread on the left, in the center, on the right? The stable traction section on the left is there to give you good steering control (for more about steering, see 3). The center Z bars are the reason for a stable feel and good mileage. And the open traction section on the right holds the secret of stopping and starting.

HOW?

- 2** With 112 new studs* instead of 84.

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*Studs not available where prohibited by law.

stops you cold.

the worst winter weather you can find.

HOW?

3 With a four wheel winter tire that steers as well as it stops.

Firestone's "asymmetrical" design lets you put this new tire on the front, too, where most braking power and steering control come from. Why? Because the flat contour, wide tread design with its unique outer shoulders gives you good handling, and our new tread design delivers good mileage, too. Wouldn't a tire like this on every wheel make you feel more confident about driving in winter? Get them today wherever you see the Firestone sign—and you can charge them at most locations.



Firestone

The "asymmetrical" Town & Country®

You go through ice, mud, or snow
or we pay the tow!

The 1972 Plymouth Fury is built to last.



Beautifully.



1972 Fury Gran Coupe

Just by looking you can see we put it together beautifully. We've made a lot of styling changes outside.

But what we think is even more important are the things we do inside.

For instance, this year we're offering an optional electronic ignition on certain engines. Because electronic circuitry replaces breaker points and the condenser, this ignition is virtually maintenance free. You can go a long time between ignition tune-ups.

We've done a lot of things like this to make our cars run better and last longer than ever before. We think that's what you really want in a car. And this year, more than ever, we're committed to giving you just that.

That's why we weld hundreds of parts into a single, solid Unibody for strength and rigidity. We protect our cars with layers of rust preventatives and a hard acrylic enamel paint. Exterior chrome trim is treated with our new micro-porous process to fight corrosion.

Yet for all this emphasis on building Fury to last, we haven't forgotten the other reasons you buy this kind of car.

Like size. Fury is a big car. With the kind of

power and smooth ride you expect of a big car. But because of its torsion-bar suspension, it *handles*, too.

It's also a quiet ride. Because we insulate the passenger compartment. And isolate it with rubber body mounts.

The 1972 Plymouth Fury. We put it together with one result in mind—a car that will stay together longer than any we've ever built before.



"How Chrysler-Plymouth sold me!"

"I've never been willing to sell anything I didn't believe in one hundred percent.

"So I went to Detroit. I talked with engineers, designers, production people. Even dealers, service managers and mechanics.

"I found that Chrysler-Plymouth is committed to building a car with the least possible emissions. A car that's more reliable and safer than they've ever built before.

"And most of all, a car that's built to last. They believe that's the kind of car America wants. And they're dedicated to building that kind of car!"

Arthur Godfrey.



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

GREECE

Conspiracy of Conscience

The Greek police had gone to extraordinary lengths to try to avoid arresting Lady Amalia Fleming. She is, after all, the widow of Britain's Sir Alexander Fleming, who won the 1945 Nobel Prize for his discovery of penicillin. Because of his marriage to Greek-born Amalia, the achievement is particularly honored in Greece, where nearly every village has a Fleming Street. Lady Fleming, 62, is a noted bacteriologist in her own right and a World War II heroine of the Greek resistance. Thus when the police were tipped off that she was involved in a plot to spring their most closely guarded prisoner, they tried to frighten her out of the idea. She was picked up and questioned for 14 hours about a party she had reportedly given last year for underground dissidents. Then she was released.

Lady Fleming either did not tumble to the hint or did not scare easily enough. Last week she was sentenced by a Greek military tribunal to 16 months in prison for her role in an aborted plot to free Alexandros Panagoulis, 32, who was convicted in 1968 of trying to blow up Greek Strongman George Papadopoulos' automobile. Found guilty and sentenced to lesser terms were a lawyer friend of Panagoulis', a prison guard and two Americans, Mrs. Athena Psychogiou of Minneapolis, a friend of Panagoulis' brother, and John Skelton, a Pennsylvania theology student, who received a suspended sentence and immediately left for the U.S.

Freely admitting her role in the affair, Lady Fleming told the court: "I could not bear the thought that he was

being inhumanly tortured in jail." Why did she do it? Friends said she was convinced that Panagoulis was a *tyrannoktonos* (in the ancient Greek sense, a man who kills a tyrant) and was therefore "the conscience of Greece" and had to be saved.

The plan was apparently hatched earlier this year when Panagoulis became friendly with a young prison guard. Using the arcane password "eggs-Epaminondas*-puppet," the guard made contact with the lawyer friend, who in turn brought Lady Fleming into the scheme.

No inkling. Twice the plans ran into snags. On one attempt, according to a military investigator, the driver of the escape car was to have been Athens Architect Nicholas Hadjimichalis, who has been advising Jackie Onassis on a new Skopios villa the was out of Greece at the time of the arrests and was not charged. On the third try, the prosecution said, Panagoulis gave a seemingly friendly guard detailed written instructions, including advice to spike a colleague's orangeade with sleeping tablets and to collect the guns of other guards ("If any barrack-room orderly sees you taking them, say that you are playing a practical joke"). When the appointed night arrived, Lady Fleming decided it was unwise to use her own car, called Skelton and asked him to rent a car "to drive someone somewhere." Unsuspecting, Skelton obliged. After a leisurely dinner he and the lawyer dropped off Lady Fleming, picked up Mrs. Psychogiou and drove out to the prison.

The only hitch was that the guard, who claimed to have been offered a \$43,300 payoff by the conspirators, had secretly informed the military police. When the conspirators parked the rented Volkswagen outside the prison walls at 3 a.m., three military Jeeps swooped down, and out piled a score of machine-gun-brandishing soldiers who arrested them. Lady Fleming, who had in the meantime gone for a drive in the country, was picked up at 5:40 a.m., when she returned home.

Rather than keep her in prison as a continued embarrassment to the regime, some Athenians suspected the government might find it more expedient simply to deport her. Lady Fleming, who has dual Greek and British citizenship, told newsmen after she was sentenced that "I am Greek and I will stay." But there were reports that the regime might pack her on a London-bound aircraft after she has spent a while in prison and the case has faded from the headlines, then issue a decree depriving her of her Greek citizenship.

* The name of a 4th century B.C. Theban general who defeated the Spartans.



"BABY DOC" & CAMBRONNE
Bogeymen in the background.

HAITI

Pooh-Bah

By invitation of the President, about 30 young Haitians leaped astride their yammering motorcycles one recent Sunday afternoon and raced wildly up and down the broad avenues beside the gleaming white national palace and the mustard-yellow army barracks in the center of Port-au-Prince. Afterward, President for Life Jean-Claude Duvalier happily shook hands all around and basked in the cheers of 15,000 spectators, who were clearly enjoying an event that would have been unimaginable in the days of his father, the late François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier.

At 20, "Baby Doc" is the youngest President and most implausible statesman in the world. His country, with its 3.5 to 5 million wretchedly impoverished black and mulatto peasants—no one knows exactly how many there are—has long been a pariah of the Western Hemisphere, ripe for almost any sort of political chaos. Thus when he assumed office after his father's death in April, Baby Doc was widely voted the Pooh-Bah least likely to succeed. However, Baby Doc—or at least the government that operates in his name—has presided over five months of unlikely tranquility and even initiated a few cautious reforms.

Mild Boom. Haiti now pays its foreign debts promptly, in contrast to its dismal credit record in the past. Foreign investment is encouraged, and Haiti is enjoying a mild business and tourism boom, thanks in part to a new quickie-divorce law that allows anyone to get a decree in 24 hours, for \$825 and up, including air fare from New York City (TIME, Aug. 30). To meet the demand for hotel space, the government last month called in



LADY FLEMING AT HER TRIAL
To save a tyrannoktonos.

leaders of the local Italian and Lebanese communities and ordered them to foot the bill for two new hotels. The casinos too are once again raking in big money. More important, the dread Tonton Macoutes, or "hoyeymen," who served as Papa Doc's private army of extortionists, are being relegated to the background. The warden of the notorious Fort Dimanche prison has been replaced, although an unknown number of political prisoners are still held there.

Great Special Cordon. Could even that much change have been accomplished by a roly-poly young playboy known to his critics as "Baskethead"? Hardly, and there are signs that Jean-Claude is not even enjoying the role of figurehead. He is not allowed to ride his Harley-Davidson and has to settle instead for joyrides in his sporty blue Toyota or flashy Lamborghini, usually escorted by a caravan of scowling secret policemen. One of the few pleasures of office was his acceptance recently of the Chinese Nationalist Order of the Propitious Clouds, Great Special Cordon grade, bestowed as part of Taiwan's diplomatic offensive to garner anti-Peking votes in the United Nations. As one sign of his restricted power, Jean-Claude reportedly told some youths that Afro haircuts were all right with him—then had to retract the statement in a newspaper announcement and call for everyone to adopt the prescribed crew cut.

In set speeches he delivers grownup thoughts ("I accept the responsibility so that all true Haitians can move to better things"). But at press conferences he answers in monosyllables, which are endowed with flowery phrases by his interpreters. As one veteran Haitologist in Port-au-Prince told *TIM*'s Jerry Hanniffin, "Jean-Claude is learning

fast, and as time goes by, maybe in five or six years, he'll be making his own decisions. Right now, he has little to say."

Jean-Claude is a necessary fixture to keep alive the myth of Duvalierism, which has helped to give Haiti one of the few peaceful turnovers of power in its bloody and voodoo-steeped history. The decisions in Haiti today are made by a Council of State, a fragile alliance comprising Papa Doc's frail-looking but steel-willed widow, Simone Ovide Duvalier; General Claude Raymond, army chief of staff; his brother Adrien, the Foreign Minister; and Luckner Cambronne, Minister of Interior and National Defense, the apparent first among equals.

Power Struggle. A case-hardened political intriguer and unscrupulous entrepreneur, Cambronne, 40, was one of the chief extortionists for Papa Doc's Tonton Macoutes and rose to prominence through such sentiments as "A good Duvalierist should be ready to kill his children, and good Duvalierist children should be ready to kill their parents for the sake of Duvalierism." He owns the country's biggest tourist agency, Ibo Tours, which specializes in packaged hurry-up divorces (85% of the divorce-court costs goes to his National Defense Fund). Among a number of other lucrative enterprises, he owns Air Haiti, which has only one operational aircraft, a lumbering World War II vintage C-46 cargo plane.

Cambronne last August won a power struggle with Jean-Claude's shrewd and ambitious elder sister, Marie-Denise Dominique. She and her husband Max were allowed to depart peacefully to Paris, where Max is Haitian ambassador. Whether Cambronne might eventually move against the other Du-

valiers remains to be seen. No one knows the real purpose of the elite corps, "Les Léopards," that he has formed. The stated purpose is to protect the country from invaders and Communists and protect the President.

Cheap Labor. For all the unease behind the throne, Haitians are enjoying the surface stability. Haiti has long presented a moral dilemma for the U.S. and international-development organizations who have wanted to raise the Haitian per capita income of \$63 a year, but could not stomach Papa Doc's regime. Now they are looking favorably on Haiti's comparatively happier state of affairs. Typical of the enterprises that have been set up to take advantage of cheap Haitian labor is a decree signed by Jean-Claude raised the minimum daily wage from 70¢ to \$1 only two months ago) is Tomar Industries, which employs 350 workers, mostly women, to hand stitch the horseshoe coverings on 2,000,000 baseballs a year for export to the U.S.

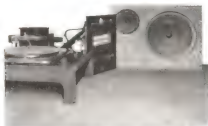
Last July the first U.S. aid man in eight years arrived on the island, and both the World Bank and International Monetary Fund are sending a study team. Carlos Sanz de Santamaría, chairman of the Inter-American Committee on the Alliance for Progress, has pronounced himself "well impressed" by changes in Haiti. The Inter-American Development Bank will shortly announce a \$3.2 million loan for agricultural and industrial development on the island, and \$500,000 in grants for roads and hospitals. As a well-connected Haitian put it last week: "The cash potential that is available will have a miraculous influence on the politicians. *Mon Dieu!* The last thing this government wants is a march double time back into the past."

Imperial Tourists

EMPEROR Hirohito and Empress Nagako of Japan flew on to Copenhagen after their meeting with President Nixon in Anchorage last week, and began their seven-nation good-will tour of Europe in Denmark. Then it was Wednesday, and that must have been Belgium, where Hirohito signed the *Livre d'Or* at the unknown soldier's monument in Brussels. Hirohito was handed a ritual sword with which, according to custom, visiting dignitaries fan the eternal flame. Obviously unsure what he was supposed to do with the thing, Hirohito gave a military salute instead. When he visited Waterloo, cheers of "Long live the Emperor!" echoed across the battlefield. After a gala banquet given by King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola, the slight, shy, 70-year-old Hirohito and his demure Empress flew on to Paris, where 50 years ago, as Crown Prince, he spent what he remembers as some of the happiest, freest days of his life.



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1937 The original Fisher high-fidelity system, now in the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institution.

Since we're the original hi-fi makers, and the largest in the quality field, we stand to benefit more than anyone else from well-informed converts to good sound.

So we did some arithmetic and decided it would be well worth a dollar to us if you agreed to read "The Fisher Handbook."

This fact-filled 80-page guide to high fidelity has already brought a basic hi-fi education to millions of readers. And that, in turn, has resulted in hundreds of thousands of Fisher owners. It seems that people who know the facts are more likely to buy Fisher than people who don't. So the dollar we'll pay you for reading our book is more of an investment than a gamble.

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1. Clip and fill out the coupon below.
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PEOPLE

For years Butcher Jack Savenor of Cambridge, Mass., has counted French Chef **Julia Child** as one of the steady customers at his United Service Supermarket, which is said to offer the best cuts in New England. Whatever the quality of the meat, though, the underground paper *Boston After Dark* has now accused Savenor of short-weighting. A *B.A.D.* reporter bought a whole rib of beef, which he says Savenor weighed at 40 lbs.; on the scales of the Boston Bureau of Weights and Measures, it came to 35 lbs. A rib marked at 35 lbs. weighed only 32 lbs. on Savenor's



SAVENOR & CHILD
The butcher I use.

own scale. *B.A.D.* filed a complaint, but Chef Julia says resolutely that "Jack Savenor remains the butcher I use. My husband and I lived through the McCarthy era, when people deserted their friends. Jack Savenor has been our friend for 20 years and we will not desert him now."

"Anyone who drinks as hard as I did for 15 years might have expected something like this," said **Sammy Davis Jr.** "This was the fact that he had just come 'very close to dying' of an enlarged liver. Vowing that he was off the sauce for life, Sammy insisted that he had not been an alcoholic, but he allowed that he "used to drink a lot of Coke and bourbon, I would get up on the set and start drinking before breakfast. I used to put away more than Dean Martin spills."

It was not radical chic but radical chuk in San Francisco when partisans of the newborn United Prisoners Union (national membership about 400) turned out to publicize their cause with a brunch

of prison food. The "isolation loaf," made from a Department of Corrections recipe for prisoners in solitary, was pronounced revolting by the "name" guests. "A cross between cat food and dog food," said Writer **Jessica Mitford**. But some of the freeloaders seemed to think it wasn't bad. One fellow who went back for seconds turned out to be Radical Lawyer **William Kunstler**, who said he had had no food the day before. "I'd eat anything," he said, speaking with his mouth full.

After receiving the dedication of *Magnus Opus for Organ* from Composer **Herbert Howells**, Britain's Prime Minister **Edward Heath** reminisced to the Royal College of Organists about the days when he himself was a 15-year-old choirmaster and organist. Composer Howells, he said, "told me that I was prepared to be as unpleasant as most of the great conductors. I should become one. I did not want anything to do with unpleasantness, so I went into politics."

Muffin was missing, and **Joanne** (ex-Mrs. **Johnny**) **Carson** was beside herself. A doctor administered sedation, but Joanne still wandered up and down Sunset Boulevard searching for her three-pound, Yorkshire terrier. Enter Joanne's blind date, TV Executive **Tom Tannenbaum**, who was promptly pressed into service as a Muffin hunter. Some time around dawn they found the little dog alive and well. Joanne, describing the hound hunt to Columnist **Joyce Haber**, provided a provocative peek at her marriage to Carson. "Johnny gave Muffin to me as a Christmas present seven years ago," blurted Joanne. "That was his way of saying 'This is our baby.' He loves her so much that when we separated we talked about whether he could have her certain weeks a year. We went through the album, and he took half the pictures of Muffin and I took half."

JOANNE & MUFFIN



AYERELL & PAMELA
Epithalamiums were in order.

"We did it! We did it!" squealed **Pamela Digby Churchill Hayward** to **Kitty Carlisle Hart**. Did it? Pamela, the widow of **Leland Hayward**, was announcing her marriage to **Averell Harriman**. Those two scallawags, 51 and 79, respectively, had nipped off that afternoon to St. Thomas More Roman Catholic Church (Pamela is a Catholic) with no one but his daughter, her sister and **Ethel Kennedy** as witnesses. Kitty Carlisle and the 150-odd other guests, who thought they were coming to Harriman's Manhattan town house for an engagement party, found themselves singing epithalamiums with refrains such as "Never saw a group so happy for a couple" (Mrs. **Joshua Logan**) and "Great-o!" (*Vogue's* ex-editor **Diana Vreeland**). "I was delighted to see Pamela married again," said **Truman Capote**. "It was either the beginning or the end of an era, whichever way you want to take it."

It was six-all in the first set of the finals between Veterans **Billie Jean King** and **Rosemary Casals** at the Pepsi Pacific Southwest Open tennis championships in Los Angeles. "Out!" said a linesman, and **Billie Jean** was down love-two in the tie breaker. Furious at what they considered to be the latest in a string of bad calls by that particular linesman, Casals and King stalked off the court in a huff. Women's libbers, both of them (it was too bad that the linesman in question was a woman), they said that they didn't care what happened to the prize money—\$4,000 for the winner, \$2,500 for the loser—as long as it wasn't given to the men players in the tournament. Later they admitted that they had acted badly and agreed to have themselves fined \$1,000 apiece. Even so, they still have hope of getting their hands on the \$6,500 and splitting it. Whether or not she ever sees a penny of the prize money, however, **Billie Jean**, by the quarter-final round of the Virginia Slims Thunderbird Tournament in Phoenix, Ariz., became the first woman athlete ever to earn more than \$100,000 in a year.



This drum table holds a lamp, an ash tray, two martinis, a bowl of shrimp, and the complete works of Beethoven.

(It's a stereo in disguise.)

You'd never guess there's a magnificent pull-out phonograph and FM/AM solid state radio hidden behind those doors. Or a six-speaker omnidimensional sound system concealed behind the grillwork (projecting sound in all directions). Or enough space inside to store 20 record albums. But there is. It's sort of a hide-a-stereo. Magnavox makes it. So it goes without saying, the styling, craftsmanship and sound are superb. In a choice of Mediterraneanan (above), Early American, or Contemporary models. For people who believe a great stereo system should be heard, but not necessarily seen.

Magnavox





1972 Pontiac Grand Prix. You'll have to decide

It won't be easy. After all, the styling is timeless. Enduring. While the ride is definitely Wide-Track. Smooth. Stable. With great handling.

The decision's even tougher if you include Grand Prix's interior design in the mixture.

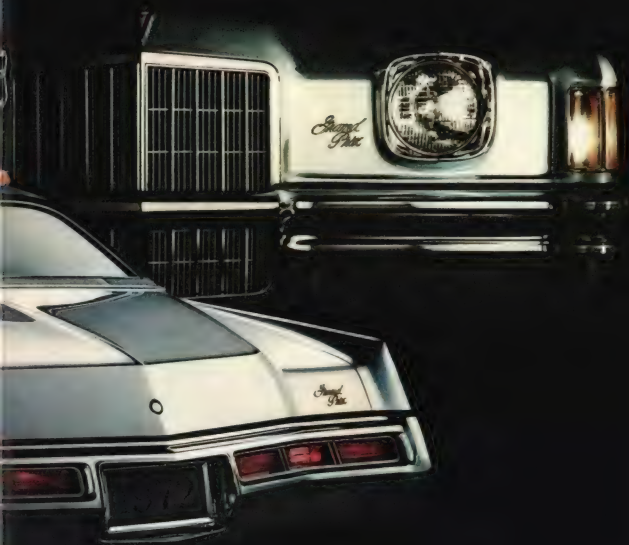
It's functional. The instrument panel has a wraparound shape that makes gauge-reading and switch-flipping unusually easy.

Yet it's elegant. Foam-padded bucket or

bench seats in Morrokide or cloth trimmed in Morrokide. Carpeting. Console with the bucket seats. Cushioned steering wheel. And more.

You'll also find Pontiac innovation in Grand Prix. Windshield radio antenna. Concealed wipers. Power-Flex fan. And on the available Grand Prix SJ model, a Delco-X battery that never needs water.

There's amazing response built into the drive



what's better...the style or the ride.

train and suspension. You get a 400 V-8 (a 455 V-8 is available). Variable-ratio power steering. Power front disc brakes. And Turbo Hydramatic. All standard.

Now if it seems like Grand Prix is a lot of car, you haven't seen anything. Because Grand Prix has a long list of safety features. Energy-absorbing steering column. Seat and shoulder belts. Front-seat head restraints. And a dual master

cylinder brake system with warning light.

As you can see, when you try to decide what's better (or best) about the 1972 Grand Prix—it's quite a choice.

But then, maybe that's what makes Grand Prix so interesting to drive.

Buckle up for safety.

Pontiac Motor Division

That's what keeps Pontiac a cut above.

Get away from the crowd.
Get all the flavor you want
in Old Gold Filters.



10 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette; FTC Report Nov. '70.

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SCIENCE



STORM WRECKAGE IN NEW BERN, N.C.
Keeping the chimney from refueling itself.

Pacifying Ginger

For two weeks, Hurricane Ginger moved erratically east and west in the mid-Atlantic. Then it stalled, 650 nautical miles off the Florida coast. For the scientists of Project Stormfury, a long wait was over: now they had an opportunity to experiment with and perhaps partially tame a major hurricane while it was a safe distance from populated land areas.

As Ginger hovered indecisively, Stormfury's scientific director, a soft-spoken meteorologist named R. Cecil Gentry, recommended an attack. Taking off from fields along the East Coast, Bermuda and Puerto Rico, 16 planes headed straight into the thick of the storm, the longest-lived hurricane on record. While instrument-packed planes monitored the tricky "bombing" runs, an Air Force C-130 transport and two U.S. Navy A-6 Intruder jets flying at 22,000 feet dropped hundreds of small explosive cylindrical canisters that sprayed tiny particles of silver iodide in the area outside the eye of the hurricane.

Heat Engine. By thus "seeding" Ginger, scientists of Stormfury—a joint Commerce and Defense departments project—hoped to diminish the hurricane's awesome power, equivalent to the wallop of 400 20-megaton hydrogen bombs. Literally a huge heat engine, a hurricane is formed by spirals of warm, moist air rising from tropical seas. As the heat-packed vapor spins increasingly faster, it converges toward the eye of the storm and is forced upward; meanwhile within the eye, the temperature rises and pressure drops. Acting like a chimney, the walls of the warm vortex continue to refuel themselves and add to the storm's fury by drawing still more moisture from the sea.

It was to keep these winds from spiraling inward and increasing their velocity that Stormfury's aircraft dropped

silver iodide particles into the colder clouds of water vapor 50 to 110 miles from the eye. Theoretically the vapor would form into ice crystals around the iodide seeds, and the heat released by the crystal formation would raise the temperature in the targeted clouds around the eye. As they heated up, these clouds (called a rainband) would also expand and create new low pressure areas away from the eye. The new regions would, in turn, keep the swirling winds and water vapor from converging on the storm's vortex. Thus, the chimney would be deprived of its vital fuel and the hurricane's energy would be spread over a wider area. The ultimate effect would be to reduce the velocity of the winds.

Hurricanes, however, are notoriously unpredictable. After the first hurricane seeding attempt—Project "Cirrus" by a General Electric group in 1947—the storm suddenly reversed course and slammed into Savannah, Ga., wreaking extensive damage. Although the seeding

probably had nothing to do with the change in course, Georgians were so outraged at the scientists that the Government has since forbidden any tampering with hurricanes that are within 18 hours' striking distance of land.

That restriction has limited Stormfury's activities. Since 1961, only four hurricanes have been seeded. The first two attempts were not noticeably successful, possibly because the planes dropped too little silver iodide too close to the center of the storm. But by the time Hurricane Debbie appeared in 1969, computer simulations at the National Hurricane Research Laboratory in Miami had suggested that seeding would be more effective if the pellets were dropped in a greater quantity and slightly farther from the eye. Using this new approach, the hurricane tamers apparently managed to reduce Debbie's winds by as much as 30 m.p.h.

Somewhat Fickle. Ginger proved to be a more difficult target. Unlike Debbie, which was relatively compact and well formed, the latest hurricane was a huge, sprawling storm that lacked the classic, clearly defined eye and cloud walls. Nonetheless, Stormfury's planes made six successful seeding runs before breaking off the attack when Ginger turned toward the North Carolina coast. By week's end, as Ginger came ashore just east of Morehead City, causing some \$1,000,000 damage, Stormfury's scientists had already begun studying data to determine whether the seeding had any real effect. Even if they discover a drop of only 5% to 10% in wind velocities, they will consider it a major achievement. That little a reduction in some future hurricane just about to strike a populated area could save lives and prevent millions of dollars of property damage. But the information gleaned from Ginger is complex and will not be fully deciphered for months. As Gentry's associate director Harry Hawkins once explained: "Stormfury is meteorology's Apollo moon program. The difference is that we won't know for six months whether we've landed or not."



STYLES IN MARTYRDOM

THE sudden flight of József Cardinal Mindszenty from his "exile" in the U.S. embassy in Budapest marks the end of yet another chapter in the history of the cold war (see story opposite). To anyone old enough to recall the dark presence of untempered Stalinism in Eastern Europe, Mindszenty was, and is, a stirring, heroic, tragic figure. To many people, he remains a symbol of the ultimate incompatibility of Communism and Christianity, of the righteous intransigence of a man of God before godless men. Others would acknowledge his courage and tenacity but add that Mindszenty is also a stiff-necked, *ancien régime* autoocrat, out of step with the present mood of the church he has sought to serve. Still others might say, with some justice, that his proud stand was a wasteful expense of spirit, since in the end it changed nothing and accomplished nothing.

Thus some questions arise. Is Mindszenty a genuine martyr, a living lesson for the Christian world? Was his safe, if uncomfortable self-imposed imprisonment the moral equivalent of a saintly sacrifice or an act of stubborn self-indulgence? (If he wanted real imprisonment or, conceivably, death, he could quite easily have walked out of the embassy into the custody of the ever-present Hungarian secret police.) Is he a witness to the permanence of principle or just another solitary figure that history has bypassed?

Any answer depends upon how one understands the term martyr. The word itself means witness, and in the standard dictionary sense, it refers to someone who has given or at least risked his life in order to testify to the truth or relevance of the Christian faith. In the early church, the term was applied to anyone who preached the good news of Christ despite obstacles or threats of persecution; only in the second century did martyrdom take on the connotation of dying for the faith. Somewhat later, the church came to accept a "white" martyrdom as well as the "red" martyrdom of death—meaning the surrender of something personally cherished for the love of God.

From the viewpoint of hagiography, the martyr is the ultimate Christian hero, the most noble of saints. Sociology, with a cooler eye, sees him as something else: a special kind of social deviant. As Sociologist Robert K. Merton points out, the "historically significant nonconformist," his own definition of martyr, often risks his life for a variety of motives, some noble, some not. There are cases, he notes, in which martyrdom may be little else than "an expression of primary narcissism" or "a need for punishment." Like Camus's Rebel, or Peter Viereck's "unadjusted man," the martyr is one who ultimately refuses to act according to the accepted norms of his society. He is psychological kin, in short, to both the gadfly and the criminal.

Martyrs still play an important role in the spiritual life of the church, even in an age when the cult of saints is heavily de-emphasized. Only last year the church (not without stirring up some anti-ecumenical feelings) canonized 40 English and Welsh martyrs who died for the faith during the Anglican Reformation. Martyrs, moreover, remain inherently fascinating. The wit and gentle wisdom of St. Thomas More shines across the centuries, even filtered through stage melodramas and screenplays. Protestants, of course, do not canonize their religious heroes; if they did, their list of saints would surely include Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the brilliant Lutheran theologian who was executed for his role in the anti-Hitler conspiracies. Without formal sanction, the

word martyr has been applied to quite a number of modern heroes: Camilo Torres, the Colombian expatriate who was killed by government forces after he joined a band of Marxist guerrillas, Martin Luther King Jr. and the Berrigan brothers. In an age when many once sacred terms now have secular connotations, martyrdom has been attributed to men of uncertain faith or none at all: Malcolm X, for instance, a dissenter from the rigid dogmas of the Black Muslims, or that inefficient picturesque revolutionary, Che Guevara.

Many Christians who would apply the word martyr to the Berrigans are less enthusiastic about bestowing the same accolade on Mindszenty. The reason is not the comparative quality of courage involved but the politics of the matter. To Catholic liberals, the Berrigans simply have a better and more noble cause to suffer for than Mindszenty had. That may or may not be true, but the problem points to the reality that politics and spiritual decisions, in cases of martyrdom, are often closely intertwined. Even the assorted virgins and bishops who were fed to the lions for the entertainment of Roman citizens died political deaths: their refusal to acknowledge the imperial deities was an offense against the state. Presumably the pagans who burned and tortured missionaries thought of these noble martyrs as unwelcome cultural imperialists.

From this perspective, it is quite clear that Mindszenty's suffering and self-exile were also political acts, as was the Berrigans' illegal burning of Selective Service files in protest against the Viet Nam War. Without demeaning the spiritual zeal of the brothers, it can be argued that the cardinal is somewhat closer to the classical tradition of martyrdom than they are. Father Don and Father Phil were imprisoned for breaking the law on behalf of what has become a quite popular cause, even a fashionable one. Yet more often than not, martyrs have died for unfashionable, even old-fashioned, causes. Thomas More, for instance, represented the old order of the papacy as set against the progressivism of Henry VIII's new religious establishment; although St. Thomas was personally popular, his Romishness was not.

In Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*, someone suggests that More was probably a saint because of "his willful indifference to realities which were obvious to quite ordinary contemporaries." The true martyr, in short, is not a realist in the eyes of men, although he may well be so in the mind of God. Mindszenty, it can be fairly said, fits the pattern. His resistance to Communism may have once been a popular cause—although perhaps more so outside of Hungary than within. His self-exile in the embassy may have begun as a necessity, but he stubbornly refused to retreat long after it became realistic to do so, and he remained steadfast in his single-minded sense that this was God's will for him until the Pope commanded otherwise.

There is much to be said for Christian realism: after all, the church could not have survived all these centuries without accommodating itself, sooner or later, to the tide of politics. But a living faith also needs its unpredictable, even irritating witnesses; men and women who will not cut and run in times of stress who will stand up for unpopular and unrealistic causes in the name of Christ. It may be realistic now to say that the sacrifice of Cardinal Mindszenty is irrelevant. But one should not assume that history will necessarily find it so.

• John T. Elson



ST. THOMAS MORE



BONHOEFFER



MALCOLM X



GUEVARA



DANIEL BERRIGAN



RELIGION

End of a Private Cold War

As the black Mercedes-Benz limousine rolled through the Vatican's Arch of Belts early last week, Pope Paul VI himself stood waiting in the garden. When the car door opened, the Pope reached in to help his exhausted guest out of the back seat, then embraced him warmly. Paul led the aged man to an apartment in St. John's Tower and—in the ultimate gesture of papal humility—gave the pectoral cross and bishop's ring he was wearing to the visitor.

The august honors, as the world quickly learned, were for József Cardinal Mindszenty, now 79. After 15 years of cramped and tightly watched asylum in the U.S. embassy at Budapest, Mindszenty had reluctantly agreed to accept "perhaps the heaviest cross of my life" and leave his native Hungary. The war between the church and Communism had long since softened into an edgy co-existence, and the fierce old freedom fighter had become less a hero than an embarrassment.

A Clockwise Path. The Mindszenty who came to Rome was hardly the Mindszenty that the Western world had had engraved so long and so indelibly on its memory. Mindszenty now is a tired old man, his firm jaw softened by the flesh of age, his pure white, close-cropped hair almost gone. Mindszenty's health was at least one factor in Paul's strong plea for him to come to Rome: the Cardinal's feet are inflamed with phlebitis, and he walks only with difficulty. But it is amazing that his health is as good as it is, for he has spent the past 23 years in one form of imprisonment or another.

Even as a young parish priest, Mindszenty was no stranger to jails: he was imprisoned for his outspoken opposition to the short-lived Communist takeover of Bela Kun in 1919. His rise in the Catholic hierarchy was a reward for his unflinching loyalty to the church and the people of Hungary, both of which he defended against a grim succession of political tyrannies. During World War II, he fearlessly denounced the Nazis and aided Hungarian Jews; finally, in 1944, Hungary's Fascist regime imprisoned him. After the war, by then a Cardinal and the nation's highest-ranking bishop, Mindszenty fought the encroachments of Communism, marshaling Catholics in massive demonstrations. His arrest on the day after Christmas in 1948 was hardly a surprise. Then came the trial, on trumped-up charges of treason, spying and black-marketeering, of a man who had obviously been tortured to his physical and mental limits. He was sentenced to death—a sentence that was commuted to life imprisonment and later, in 1955, to house arrest.

For a few bloody days in November 1956, as the country rose in revolt against Soviet rule, it seemed as if Budapest might be the Cardinal's own once

again. Freedom fighters released him, and his stern face became as familiar an image of those days as the bullet-pocked walls. But then the Soviet tanks swept in, and Mindszenty fled to the safety of the U.S. embassy, where he remained, in effect a prisoner again. "Let him sit there and rot," Hungarian officials told the Americans. "He doesn't inconvenience us and he embarrasses you."

The Cardinal lived abstemiously in a top-floor apartment, worked on his memoirs and a history of the Roman Catholic Church in Hungary. Outside, Communist agents kept a 24-hour watch. Inside, on strolls in the embassy garden, the Cardinal would pace the same clockwise path he had learned in prison. Under international rules of embassy asylum, American officials could not allow him to make any public statements.

When Pope John XXIII decided to seek better relations with the Hungarian regime in order to win concessions for the church, such as the naming of new bishops and an end to restrictions on religious education, his own Cardinal proved to be as troublesome an obstacle as the atheists. Vatican diplomats spent years flying to Budapest to bargain with both the regime and the Cardinal, while the U.S. acted the role of embarrassed host and bystander.

Act of Submission. It was apparently the Pope's own firmly expressed wishes that finally caused Mindszenty to relent last week, as an act of obedient submission. He retains the title of Primate (senior bishop) of Hungary; as he wished, but gave up his dreams of celebrating a final public Mass and praying at his mother's grave. And he won only an amnesty, not the exoneration he had wanted, from the Hungarian government. He had also demanded freedom to write and speak about his experiences. Vatican sources insist that no deal was made with Hungary to gag Mindszenty, but they say that the Cardinal will maintain silence in order to avoid embarrassing Pope Paul.

Some reports claim that Mindszenty plans to settle in Vienna, but that might still be too close for comfort, for both Hungarian and Austrian authorities. Wherever he lives, Mindszenty will keep a close eye on the Hungarians' struggle to get the regime to honor its commitments on such things as bishops and schools. The church has less freedom in Hungary than in Yugoslavia, a relatively open Marxist society, or in Po-

land, with its large powerful church. But Hungarian Catholics are better off than those in Czechoslovakia since that nation was invaded by Soviet troops in 1968. Whether things now improve in Hungary remains to be seen.

The Synod Begins

The arrival of Cardinal Mindszenty in Rome overshadowed another Vatican event: the much-discussed third session of the world Synod of Bishops, which convened at week's end for a month of debate on church issues. Indeed, the Hungarian primate was seated at the Pope's right when Paul VI opened the synod in the Sistine Chapel.

Synods (literally, "meetings") of



CARDINAL MINDSZENTY (LEFT) WITH POPE PAUL
Perhaps the heaviest cross.

churchmen have been a part of the ecclesiastical fabric since the earliest days of Christianity. The world synod, however, a representative international gathering of bishops and religious-order superiors, is a creation of the Second Vatican Council. There have been two previous sessions, in 1967 and 1969. Like its predecessors, the synod of 1971 is expected to be mainly a sounding board of worldwide church opinion—"a communications happening," as one Vatican watcher put it. That in itself may be more than Pope Paul bargained for, as not all the sounds are likely to be polite.

Of the 210 delegates, the majority (136) are from Third World countries, where the issue of social reform is compelling. Latin American prelates, concerned about social injustices and in-

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CARDINALS SUENENS, KROL & DEARDEN AT SYNOD OPENING

Not all the sounds will be polite.

creasing radicalism at home, are likely to demand serious debate on the ethics of violent revolution and to ask for a more radical church stand against capitalism and "neocolonialism." Others, concerned with population problems, want the church to discourage parents from having large numbers of children. The Pope may even hear his position on birth control attacked to his face. Sessions on the priestly ministry have already begun to focus on the controversial question of celibacy.

The U.S. delegation was headed by Philadelphia's conservative John Cardinal Krol, and Detroit's progressive John Cardinal Dearden. But U.S. bishops are less likely to be active debaters than some of the European leaders, such as Belgium's Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens. Just how much Paul may be willing to listen to is questionable. In his opening speech last week, the Pontiff warned the delegates not to yield to the "particular danger" of pressures from the outside world, including either praise or criticism from the press or broadcasters. Just the day before, Paul had made it clear what he meant by dangerous pressures when he castigated the official Italian television network for a "terrible attack" on the church. The offending program was a debate between the Pope's personal friend Jean Cardinal Daniélou and a proletarian Tuscan priest who blasted the church for its failure to identify with the oppressed of the earth.

The Death of "Relevance"

Delegates to the Consultation on Church Union in Denver last week were concerned with their lagging campaign to try to merge nine Protestant denominations.* Their keynote speaker, Peter I. Berger, however, had something more basic on his mind.

Berger, 42, perhaps America's leading religious sociologist, first won attention with *The Noise of Solemn Assemblies*, a trenchant attack on the smug, conventional Protestant churches of the 1950s. Back then, Berger reminded the ecumenical leaders last week, he and other critics seemed to be "banging against the locked gates of majestically

self-confident institutional edifices." The situation could not be more different today. In the years since, said Berger, Protestants have suffered a failure of nerve and are wallowing in "masochistic self-laceration" or "hysterical defensiveness." He bluntly told the ecumenists that their efforts to regroup as one big church are a waste of time unless Protestantism regains its self-confidence.

The churches, he said, seem to be frantically searching outside themselves for cultural and ideological refuges. The liaison with Middle America having gone sour, they are seeking out the youth culture, the black culture and romanticized versions of Third World cultures. "If there is any stance that has marked the Christian community in recent years, it is that of listening," Berger maintained. Listening in order to understand others is fine, but too many Christians are "listening to an entity known as 'modern man' in the expectation that thence will come the redemptive word." This kind of listening is demoralizing.

Two Hunches. It is time to stop asking what modern man has to say to the church and to turn, said Berger, to a more significant question: "What does the church have to say to modern man?" The answer is easy; it is "the old story of God's dealing with man, the story that spans the Exodus and Easter morning." There are very different ways in which this message can be delivered, and what is now needed is "the stance of authority," the authority of "those who have come to terms with their own experience and who are convinced that in however imperfect a measure, they have grasped some important truths about our human condition."

About the religious resurgence that is beginning to take place, which may or may not develop within the church, Berger has two "hunches." First, that the currently fashionable Oriental cults will not hold a prominent place in the movement, because they are "too much in contradiction to fundamental themes of American culture, not least to the central theme of a national covenant with history" which links U.S. culture with the Jewish and Christian tradition. Second, the leaders of any renaissance of religion will not be "the people who have been falling all over each other to be 'relevant to modern man.' Ages of faith are not marked by dialogue, but by proclamation," proclaimed Berger.

* The United Methodist Church, three smaller Black Methodist churches, the United and Southern Presbyterian churches, the Episcopal Church, the United Church of Christ, and the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ).

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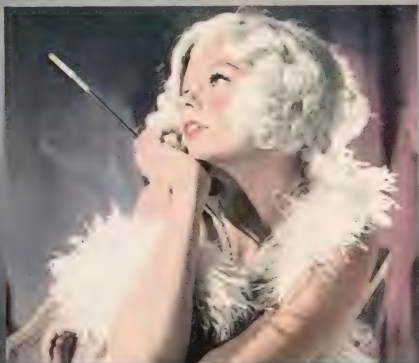
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MUSIC

Motown Beatitudes

After listening to the Motown album *What's Going On*, the Rev. Jesse Jackson informed its creator, Soul Crooner Marvin Gaye, that he was as much a minister as any man in any pulpit. Gaye does not see himself in quite that way, though he does admit to a certain "in" with the Almighty. "God and I travel together with righteousness and goodness. If people want to tag along, they can." While such words would sound intolerably conceited from any other pop star, they come inoffensively from Gaye. Part mystic, part pentecostal fundamentalist, part socially aware*ghetto graduate, this particular Motown superstar simply happens to believe that he speaks to God and vice versa.

The most prominent musical result these days is black beatitudes of sorts called *What's Going On*. The LP laments war, pollution, heroin and the miseries of ghetto life. It also praises God and Jesus, blesses peace, love, children and the poor. Musically it is a far cry from the gospel or blues styles a black singer-composer might normally apply to such subjects. Instead Gaye weaves a vast, melodically deft symphonic pop suite in which Latin beats, soft soul and white pop, and occasionally scat and Hollywood schmalz, yield effortlessly to each other. The overall style of the album is so lush and beaming that the words—which in themselves are often merely simplistic—come at the listener like dots from a Seurat landscape. They are innocent individually, but meaningful en masse. Heard over a genial rock beat, the song *God Is Love* scores through understatement:

God is my friend,
Jesus is my friend,
He made this world for us to live in,
and gave us everything.



MARVIN GAYE

Walking righteously with the Almighty.

And all he asks of us is we give
each other love.
Oh, yeah.

As the stuff of hit songs and albums, brotherly love has been growing more fashionable for months. But it is decidedly something new for Motown. It was romantic love that turned the Detroit-based soul factory into a multi-million-dollar corporation, and made many of its stars rich. Gaye, for example, started out in 1961 as a Johnny Mathis-type balladeer with a silvery tenor voice and by 1967 had become Motown's No. 1 purveyor of black soul. Neither that success nor his kinship with God has given Gaye a notably pious manner. A gangly, soft-spoken man of 32 with neatly trimmed beard and mustache, he has the easy, confident manner of a big-name athlete—which perhaps explains why he was able to spend a week last summer scrimmaging with Eastern Michigan University as a running back. If Gaye has to squeeze in his sports when and if he can these days, he should be used to it. As children, Marvin, his two brothers and two sisters had to spend most of their free time at a pentecostal church in Washington, D.C., listening to their father preach. After the sermon, Marvin would take his guitar and entertain the three dozen or so faithful with *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*.

Gold Records. The religion stuck, and so did the singing. In 1961 Berry Gordy, the mogul behind Motown, spotted Gaye in a black club in Detroit. Within a year Gaye had the first of twelve gold records, *Stubborn Kind of Fellow*, and soon was married to Gordy's sister Anna, living in Gordy's former house in integrated but still fashionable North Detroit.

But in 1970 Gaye simply turned his back on sweet pop, soul and public concerts. Partly this was because his favorite singing partner, a pert brunette named Tammi Terrell, collapsed in his arms onstage at William and Mary College and later died of a brain tumor. Beyond that, though, he had simply grown weary of Marvin the Motown Star who, night after night, had to tell jokes, do little dance steps and "put out the grin."

For nearly a year Gaye did not go near the Motown plant. To keep his name before the public, Brother-in-Law Gordy issued an LP of *Marvin Gaye Sings His*. Then one morning last winter Gaye showed up with the idea for *What's Going On*. Beyond its \$2,000,000 worth of straight sales, the album also produced three hit singles with combined sales of 4,000,000 copies—the title song, *Mersey, Mersey Me* (*The Ecology*) and *Inner City Blues*. Such selling power obviously means that a lot of people are willing to tag along behind Marvin Gaye. On their own, of course. Says Gaye: "I have a right to respectfully decline to lead my people anywhere."



LORIN MAAZEL

Facing up to the lollipops.

New Maestro for Cleveland

It was a difficult search. After more than a year of looking for a successor to the late George Szell, who died in July 1970 at 73, the Cleveland Orchestra last week chose 41-year-old Lorin Maazel. Endowed with stamina, sensitivity and intelligence, Maazel is a former child prodigy who at the age of eleven was guest conductor of Toscanini's NBC Symphony. One day, when he showed up to rehearse the NBC, he found all 100 or so musicians sucking lollipops. That might have finished any other child right then and there. Not Maazel. "I was a pretty tough kid," he recalls.

Even so, Maazel is unlikely to prove as tough as the stony-faced Szell, who also began as a child prodigy. Few conductors could. In every other way, he seems to be the one youngish maestro around who most resembles Szell in style, craftsmanship and musical taste. Like his predecessor, Maazel is a strict constructionist who regards the printed score as his own personal bill of rights. He is capable of passion, but not at the expense of symmetry and the sturdy line. He is widely acknowledged as a supreme podium technician.

In the more than 3,000 concerts Maazel has given with virtually every major orchestra in the world during the past two decades, he has shown that his heart is as old-fashioned as was Szell's. Cleveland listeners may expect large doses of the 19th century (Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky), snippets of Baroque (Bach, mostly) and careful slices of the 20th century (Sibelius, Stravinsky, Bartók). Thus the Maazel appointment means that Cleveland intends to continue its Old World ways, with one important exception: Maazel (born in Paris of California parents) is only the second American, after Leonard Bernstein, ever to head one of the five top orchestras in the U.S.

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NEWS VENDOR WITH SAIGON PAPERS

Each afternoon in Saigon, as South Viet Nam's 57 dailies start their press runs, the first copies are rushed to the office of the national press director. A battery of readers in Vietnamese, Chinese, French and English gives them a fast run-through, and officials decide which papers are to be seized that day for running articles they consider unacceptable. Word is flashed to police with walkie-talkies stationed outside the printing plants of habitual offenders. While the cops carry stacks of banned papers out the front door, staffers often spirit out the back as many copies as they can for clandestine circulation in anti-regime activist ranks.

Resort to Radio. A new press law passed last year proclaims that "censorship is prohibited," but it also provides that "the exercise of press freedom shall not be harmful to personal

Except for *Tin Sang* and a couple of other papers, Vietnamese who care about what is really happening usually resort to foreign radio stations anyway. Many read their papers more for titillation than truth, and serialized romantic novels outweigh political polemics as circulation builders. Reporters moonlight for as many as six of opposing political persuasions. Carefully quote an old adage, which says in Vietnamese: "A journalist is like a prostitute, he takes money from anyone who is interested in him." Nam wrote last century, but Journalism for Nguyen Ngoc Phach charges their history as "one of corruption, few glories, small achievement and dubious causes."

Opposition papers print purposely in several locations, some of them secret, to escape total seizure. Moreover, publishers can often buy back seized papers from bribe-prone police. The cops confiscate only the papers and not the printing plates, so some printers simply wait until the police leave and then crank up the presses once again. Editors get around direct criticism of Thieu with an informal code that fools nobody but satisfies the censor. They refer to him as "the old man" or "the chief" or "Cham King," a reference to his na-

Praise for Thieu's political opponents has never been prohibited, although prudent editors also include the government side of any controversy. When he declared himself the only candidate in last Sunday's presidential election, Thieu said he would welcome constructive criticism by the press—and many papers did devote whole front pages to anti-Thieu material. But Thieu, as the once and future president, is likely to reimpose his indirect censorship on the press, and antigovernment editors and publishers will continue to compose their nightly editorials with a wary eye on the Cham King in the Dragon's Lair.

Journalists cheered when the Supreme Court ruled last June that the *New York Times* and others could not be restrained from publishing the Pentagon papers under the First Amendment's guarantee of press freedom. Since then the initial euphoria has faded. The *Columbia Journalism Review* rates the decision as a "severely qualified victory," and most editors agree. After all, three of the Justices thought prior restraint on publication was called for in that case, and individual opinions showed that a majority might favor its use in other circumstances. With the death of Justice Hugo Black, who felt the First Amendment gave the press blanket protection, future court votes might go even farther in the direction of restriction.

謝志宏、李正和：兩岸經濟關係與台灣經濟發展



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When you know that, you'll know why so many Bourbon drinkers who think they know what they like, find our Bourbon even more to their liking.

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"Measure your Bourbon against it."



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THE THEATER

Who Killed the Bluebird?

If a marriage can die a hundred deaths, it can seemingly survive a thousand coroner's inquests. Who killed the bluebird of happiness, and when?

Robert Anderson puts the questions anew in the second, longer, and stronger of his duo of playlets, *Solitaire/Double Solitaire*. (The first is an Orwellian fantasy penned in plastic.) In *Double Solitaire*, Charley (Richard Venture) and Barbara (Joyce Ebert) have allowed 23 years of marriage to carry them from bliss to boredom. Charley is also caught in the middle of the contemporary value crisis. On the one side are his parents, people of stamina and principle, who have weathered 50 years of mar-



EBERT & VENTURE IN "DOUBLE SOLITAIRE"
Small, final comfort.

riage. On the other side is Charley's son, who flaunts his liberated liaison with a girl he doesn't intend to wed, and who upbraids his father for choosing durability at the cost of joy.

Behind the talk of loss and emptiness, there is a voice that speaks more tellingly than talk. It is that of Robert Anderson, best known for *Tea and Sympathy*. It is literate. It is—horrors!—the voice of a gentleman, someone who has been taught from childhood to uphold certain standards of decency.

The failure of his marriage perplexes Charley, but the assault on his codes brings intolerable pain. He is incapable of philandering—one antidote for marriage-poisoning urged on him. He is equally incapable of ricocheting from marriage to divorce to marriage to divorce. This is what makes the play, and its dilemma, undeviatingly honest. Anderson offers a final comfort that is small, but not cold: the heart is the only broken instrument that works.

• T.E. Kalem

BUSINESS

Chile: The Big Grab

WHEN Salvador Allende Gossens was elected President of Chile last year, some nervous Americans with investments there reassured themselves that, although Allende was a Marxist, he had always maintained a healthy respect for the due process of law. That assessment has proved correct, if a bit too sanguine. While giving conscientious attention to democracy and legality, Allende has nonetheless been expropriating American holdings almost as fast as he can. In July, he announced the nationalization of the mining interests of Anaconda, Kennecott and Cerro—but only after a constitutional amendment permitting the takeover had been duly introduced, debated and passed unanimously by the legislature. The amendment also provided for compensation based on the book value of the mines.

Last week Allende announced that Chile will deduct \$774 million in "excess profits" from the compensation due to Anaconda and Kennecott (Cerro's mine began production only last year). In effect, that means that the two companies will receive not a penny for their properties. The \$774 million figure was arrived at through a complex formula. The Allende administration estimated each company's average worldwide copper profits over the past 15 years as a percentage of its book value and came up with a figure of 10%. Any profits from the company's Chilean operation that exceeded 10% a year were considered "excessive."

The companies figured differently.

WORKERS AT KENNECOTT COPPER MINE



"Allende has somehow computed Kennecott's alleged excess profits over the past 15 years to be more than our total earnings from Chile in that period," complained Kennecott President Frank Miliken, whose firm has been a particularly good corporate citizen in Chile. Said Anaconda President John Place: "Allende's accounting theory is nothing more than a thin pretext for confiscation. He's now contrived to grab the world's biggest open-pit copper mine [Anaconda's Chuquibambilla], plus a second major underground mine, and not pay a dime."

Impaired Credit. Most U.S. copper men had written off the prospect of compensation long ago. Nationalization is becoming a familiar, if uncomfortable fact of life for American firms in Latin America. In the past few months, Bolivia, Peru, Guyana and Ecuador have seized U.S. holdings. Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, warned last week that such a trend in developing countries may "seriously impair" their ability to get credit and may discourage investment in entire regions.

A hard-line faction within the Nixon Administration is arguing for retaliation to show that the U.S. is not "soft" on takeovers. Under the 1962 Hickenlooper Amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, the President is required to suspend U.S. foreign aid to countries that expropriate American holdings without compensation. Nixon once threatened to use the amendment against Peru after it seized a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, but he has never carried out his threat. Some State Department careerists argue that the U.S. should definitely not get tough now because retaliation against a developing nation would drive its leadership to further radicalism.

Letter of the Law. Kennecott, which has \$141 million in Chilean investments, relied on them for about 11% of its net income last year. Anaconda, with \$458 million invested, received about two-thirds of its net profits from Chile. The companies may need a special ruling from the Internal Revenue Service to take tax write-offs on the losses, but they may be able to collect on as much as half their losses from the Overseas Private Investment Corp., a Government agency that insures investments abroad. If President Allende continues to pursue his intention of turning Chile's resources over to Chilenos, OPIC may have to ask Congress for more money.

Last week, too, Allende announced that the Chile Telephone Co., a subsidiary of ITT, would be run by a government intervener. The move is seen by some ITT officers as the first step to expropriation. ITT's stake in Chile Tele-



ALLENDE

Expropriating as fast as he can.

phone is covered by about \$100 million in OPIC insurance. Together with the copper companies' coverage, that amounts to more than \$400 million in claims. In the 20 years of its existence, the insurance corporation has paid out a total of less than \$4 million.

LABOR

Better Jobs for Blacks

Of all the indicators of racial inequality, none cause more concern than the proportionate share of unemployment between blacks and whites. Ever since 1953, there have been at least two blacks out of work for every jobless white. To compound the problem, blacks have usually been the last hired and the first fired, particularly during a recession.

Last week the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that the old formula is changing slightly. While the number of unemployed Americans rose last year by 1,200,000, to a total of 4,000,000, the racial ratios shifted a bit. Altogether 8.2% of the black workers were unemployed, and 4.5% of the white workers—a ratio of 1.8 to 1 instead of 2 to 1. One ironic reason for this improvement in the traditional mix is that blacks have not qualified for many skilled jobs in two of the industries that have been worst hurt in the economic slowdown: aerospace and munitions making. Instead, they have filled what have turned out to be quite recession-proof jobs in Government and service industries. Among all black workers, the percentage holding relatively secure white-collar jobs rose last year, from 26% to 28%, and the black professional and technical workers increased from 8.3% to 9.1%; the latter figure has almost doubled since 1960.

AIRLINES

High-Level Mess

While the world monetary system continues to rattle and shake, another citadel of international agreement is falling further into disarray. The airline cartel, embodied in the 108-member International Air Transport Association, has entered a fresh round of warfare over transatlantic air fares. Passengers stand to benefit from lower fares, but some lines may suffer disastrous losses.

The latest eruption came after Pan Am and TWA sent officers to Washington two weeks ago to ask the Civil Aeronautics Board to intervene in the fare fight. In a complex and involved maneuver, the lines wanted the CAB to ask the State Department to put pressure on the West German government; with that, the Bonn government was supposed to put pressure on Lufthansa to reconsider its new fares (as low as \$210 round trip in the off-season).

Figuring that the German government would balk if it knew that the U.S. airlines had directly inspired the diplomatic maneuver, the Pan Am and TWA officers asked that part of the 29-page transcript of their meeting with the CAB members be kept secret. No such luck. The CAB men, miffed that the lines want-

year round, you would have to maintain something like a 120% load factor in the summertime."

The estimates of loss may be open to question, because the low fares will attract more passengers. But even officials of Lufthansa, which is 74% owned by the West German government, admitted last week that the company will lose \$24 million on the North Atlantic this year; some airline men say the line may continue to lose next year, despite the new fares. Lufthansa had introduced the fares because its executives feared that the alternative, a fare package worked out by IATA members last summer, would be difficult to administer.

Heads of most other foreign carriers do not believe that reducing fares as low as Lufthansa did can be profitable; yet to avoid losing customers to Lufthansa, Air Canada and Air France have posted comparable prices. Last week Swissair asked its government to approve a fare of as little as \$180 round trip for groups of ten who buy from \$70 to \$149 each worth of meals, lodging and sightseeing along with their tickets. Two weeks ago Irish Aer Lingus announced a \$500 first-class, 14-to-28-day fare from New York to Shannon, and an unlimited-stay economy fare of \$320 in the off season.

All of the new fares will take effect after Feb. 1, 1972, when the present IATA fare arrangement expires. Air-industry men hold out hope that talks can be started on a compromise fare schedule that all lines would recognize. Meanwhile, airlines continued to fill newspapers and magazines with ads stressing low fares, and more announcements of price cuts are expected in the next few weeks.

EXECUTIVES

New Engine Man

Just a month ago, Harry J. Gray, a senior executive vice president of Litton Industries, got a call from an executive recruiter. Would Gray be interested in becoming president of United Aircraft Corp., the world's biggest maker of jet engines? Indeed he would, but he laid down one condition. United Aircraft Chairman William P. Gwinn would have to get the approval of Tex Thornton, Litton's chairman, for Gray even to negotiate. "After 17 years as a Litton employee," said Gray, "I didn't want to do anything without its being known from the very beginning."

Last week tall, balding Gray, 51, got the job. It was a surprising choice because United had always developed its top management from within. Gwinn explained that he was 64 and President Arthur Smith was 60—both approaching the "normal" retirement age of 65. (Smith will now become chairman of the executive committee.) Then Gwinn added: "Someone from the outside could broaden our thinking and fuse it."

The Connecticut-based corporation

could use a boost. Its profits in this year's first half were \$16 million, down \$7 million from last year's first half. The trouble lies with United's Pratt & Whitney engines, which accounted for three-quarters of total sales of \$2.4 billion last year. Because of the commercial airlines' existing overcapacity, they cut back on new orders this year. The Defense Department also continues to reduce purchases as the Viet Nam War winds down. Moreover, technical problems until recently held up development of a more powerful engine for Boeing's 747, and production of an engine with more thrust for General Dynamics'



UNITED AIRCRAFT'S GRAY

New range from a man of many parts.

F-111 fighter-bomber is behind schedule.

Though Harry Gray is no aerospace expert, he seems well suited to lead United. A World War II infantry hero (Bronze and Silver Stars), he started his career at Greyhound Movers, then moved in 1954 to Litton. He began by acquiring electronics firms that helped to make Litton into a huge conglomerate, then was in charge of finances and, most recently, ran three groups of subsidiary companies. In the process, Gray won a reputation for coolness and dedication. After he was in a motorcycle crash in 1964, he set up office in his hospital room and directed operations while still flat on his back.

Gray says that he will look for "what we can find within United Aircraft's capabilities that would be applicable to a peacetime economy." One possibility may be greater emphasis on kerosene-fueled generators to help electric utilities meet peak-hour demands for power. Another: newer turbine engines for fast, interurban trains. United Aircraft's main problem is that it is basically a one-product company. Gray, a man of many parts, will probably diversify United so that it depends less on plane engines and more on a range of products.



"Curse you, Lufthansa!"

ed to bring the State Department into the act, put the transcript on public sale—at \$1.50 a page.

Summertime Blues. If Pan Am and TWA were to match Lufthansa's new fares, the companies' spokesmen said, they would stand to lose a combined total of about \$60 million in revenues next year. To turn a profit on the North Atlantic last year Pan Am lost \$7 million and TWA earned \$14.1 million on that route, the lines would have to fly their planes 75% full on the average. "Given the seasonal characteristics of this market," said TWA Senior Vice President Blaine Cook, "to average 75%

"It makes a difference how you call Long Distance"



If you dial...

70¢

This is the rate for a three-minute, coast-to-coast, station-to-station call, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Saturday and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, when you dial it yourself without operator assistance.

If you don't...

\$1.40

This is the rate for that call when you don't dial the call yourself or you need the operator to help you complete it. See the footnote below for conditions under which dial-direct rates do not apply.

Examples of Long Distance rates for station-to-station coast to coast calls

	operator-assisted calls	Dial-direct calls	Your discount when you dial it yourself
Weekends 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes
Evenings 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun through Fri	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	55¢ first 3 minutes	55¢ first 3 minutes
Nights 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	\$1.40 minimum charge (1 minute)	55¢ first minute (minimum call)	\$1.05 on the minimum call
Weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon through Fri	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	\$1.35 first 3 minutes	50¢ first 3 minutes

Rates shown plus tax are for the 30¢, 10¢ and 20¢ surcharges indicated on station-to-station calls. Rates are evenings, afternoons, through-out calls, for station-to-station. See of course, rates apply on all out-of-state, long distance, including operator assistance, from residence and business, anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct-dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel, guest, credit, or international calls and on calls charged to another number.

One-minute minimum calls available only at payphones shown. Additional minutes are 70¢ each.



Freeze-a-Ferrari.

Not all 35mm reflexes let you keep up with the action. When you look away to adjust the camera, you lose the race.

With a Minolta SR-T 101, you never lose sight of your subject. Because you set shutter speed and lens opening by simply aligning two indicators in the viewfinder.

So you can frame, focus, adjust exposure and (Varroom!) get the shot, fast and easy.

Minolta SR-T 101, from about \$265. The Minolta SR-T 100, about \$220. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.O. **Minolta**

When identified by a factory-stamped "M" and Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corporation against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding non-eligible lenses. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postage, securely packaged and including \$1.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.



No one in Spruce City can tell Mrs. Johnson from her 18 year old daughter.

That's because they play together every night—you should see them. Mother Johnson plays a Broadway hit, and daughter Betsy plays audience. Then, they reverse. Betsy plays a Beatles song, and Mrs. Johnson plays music critic.

Betsy presses a button, and she sounds just like a funky bass guitar. Mrs. Johnson presses a button, and she sounds just like a mellow Dorsey solo. Then, they reverse.

Mother presses another button, and electronic mambo rhythms back her up. Betsy hits another button, and electronic rock effects give her a beat. Sometimes, you can't even tell who's playing what. But you should hear them.

There's a Yamaha Electone Organ for every family. And whatever generation you're from, it's incredibly a lot of music for an inspired little price. See your nearest Yamaha dealer. Even if you don't live in Spruce City.



Ask about the Yamaha Music School, a uniquely rich educational experience for children four to eight.

MILESTONES

Married. Yul Brynner, 51, the film star with the clean-shaved pate who won an Oscar as the Siamese sovereign in *The King and I* (1956); and Jacqueline de Croisset, 38, widow of French Publishing Executive Philippe de Croisset; both for the third time; in Deauville, France.

Married. Jacques Chaban-Delmas, 56, French Premier, longtime Gaullist and World War II Resistance leader; and Micheline Chavelet, 42, Haiphong-born Parisian divorcee; she for the second, he for the third time; in Bordeaux, France.

Died. T.C. Jones, 50, one of show business' greatest female impersonators; of cancer; in Duarte, Calif. Jones had studied for the ministry and done a hitch in the Navy before crashing Broadway with his imitations of Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis and Luise Rainer in *New Faces of '56*. After that, he swished his way to further success in nightclubs and on television. "Half the time people don't even know I'm not a woman," Jones once boasted. "When I pulled off my wig at the end of *New Faces*, one woman said audibly: 'Oh, the poor dear. She's bald.'"

Died. Roy W. Moore, 80, who built the Canada Dry Corporation into one of the world's largest manufacturers of beverages; in Bridgeport, Conn. "The president of Canada Dry told a friend of mine he was looking for a man to replace him in time," recalled Moore, "but this man had to have three things: engineering, law and business training. Well, there I was with all three, yes-sirree-bob!" After taking charge of the modest firm in 1935, Moore revamped its stagnant sales and distribution operations, licensed independent bottlers abroad, and went beyond the company's cornerstone product, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales," by increasing the number of soft drinks to more than 20 and expanding Canada Dry's liquor line. By the time he stepped down as honorary chairman in 1967, annual sales had climbed from \$7.5 million to \$187 million.

Died. George Angus Garrett, 83, wealthy Washingtonian who was the first U.S. Ambassador to Ireland; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. A partner in the firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith from 1940 to his retirement in 1959, Garrett was also a prominent capital host and fund raiser for philanthropic causes. Harry Truman selected him to head the U.S. legation in Dublin in 1947, then promoted him in 1950 when the mission was raised to embassy status. Garrett resigned in 1951, later championed urban redevelopment in Washington as boss of the Federal City Council.



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This being so, are you doing yourself justice by shaving with an ordinary safety razor—an instrument not fundamentally improved since its invention 76 years ago, and based on about the same principle as used for cutting sausages? Why should you have to go on—day after day—chopping, scratching, scraping, and bleeding, and not even getting a decent shave for all your trouble? Change all that! Treat yourself to the **Stahly Live Blade Shaver**.

Wind the handle of this beautiful chrome shaver, and its tiny watchwork motor will hummily impart 6000 minuscule vibrations per minute to the blade.

Lather your face as usual and simply guide the **Stahly** through the toughest beard, for the fastest, smoothest shave ever. Nothing in your previous shaving career will have prepared you for this startling difference. Isn't it worth a few dollars to bring happiness to a drab daily routine?

☐ Please send me the **Stahly Shaver**. I understand that it uses standard blades and comes in a lined snap case with my initials. Return in two weeks if not delighted. One year guarantee for parts and workmanship. My check for \$30.95 (\$29.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins.) is enclosed. (Calif. res. add tax.)

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haverhill's

TI-1011

MODERN LIVING

Home Parking Meters

In Los Angeles a little red "expired" flag snaps into view on the executive's desk, warning the visiting salesman that his pitch time is over. Another red flag goes up in a Chicago teen-ager's room, warning her that she has tied up the family telephone long enough. In the guest bathroom of another Chicago home, the flag reminds a partygoer that others may be waiting. In each case the red metallic flag is enclosed in a device that looks suspiciously like a parking meter. Actually, it is.

Reconditioned and repainted in such unbureaucratic colors as pink, yellow



GIRL FEEDING METER

In unbureaucratic colors.

and purple, old parking meters are being sold in growing numbers for use in offices and homes as timing devices, coin banks or simply the latest examples of pop sculpture.

Many of the meters are revitalized in a tiny shop in Van Nuys, Calif., by Donald Bromiley, 25. Lately he has been filling orders from small head shops and boutiques as well as from large enterprises like the May Co. and Neiman-Marcus (which sells a floor-stand model for \$75, a table version for \$51). Starting his business in 1970 when he bought two meters from a junkyard for \$1.50 each, Bromiley has reconditioned and sold 1,200 of them, most purchased from municipalities like San Fernando (for \$4 each) and Beverly Hills (\$3.50 each). Bromiley's profit margin may soon be sharply reduced. Says Ronald Weaver, purchasing agent for Beverly Hills: "Next time we sell old meters, I expect we'll get a better price."

The Toyota Mark II was built for humans. All sizes.

Inside, there's plenty of room in front and back. And deep-foam bucket seats that recline.


Everywhere there's padding. From the thick carpets to the door panels, the dash and right up to the ceiling. Making things not only softer, but quieter.

Everywhere there're little things usually not appreciated until a car has been lived in awhile. Tinted glass.

Armrests. Assist grips. Parcel tray. Courtesy lights. Electric rear window defogger.

The Toyota Mark II is more than just another little around-town car. If that sounds a bit far-fetched for an inexpensive economy car, stop by a Toyota dealer and take one around the block a few times.

Any body will feel what we mean.



When you travel in an economy car all day,
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For your nearest Toyota dealer, call 800-243-6000 toll-free. In Connecticut, 1-800-943-0655.



"Weel done, Cutty Sark."

For over a century, millions of people have known Cutty Sark's reputation and how she earned it. But few have ever known why her owner gave her such a curious name. And still fewer have known why Cutty carries a buxom and beautiful witch under her bowsprit. Here's the story.



Tam O'Shanter, the superstitious farmer in Robert Burns' poem, saw a coven of witches dancing in a graveyard one night. Dazzled by the antics of one of them — and by the brevity of her short skirt (in Scots dialect, a cutty sark) — he cried: "Weel done, Cutty Sark," and started a chase that was nearly the end of him. The witch Nannie, his beautiful pursuer, became Cutty Sark's figurehead. Her skirt gave Cutty her name.



The "canny wee mon," Capt. John Willis: Ship's Master, Cutty's owner, and, like most Scots, devoted student of Robert Burns. He made a fortune from Cutty Sark. He loved her as none of his other ships. But he sold her the moment he saw the steamships cut her profits.

Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.



For exact replica of unique figurehead — "Liverpool" Cutty Sark pitcher, send check or money order for \$4.95 to: Cutty Sark Pitcher, P.O. Box 56, New York, N.Y. 1008. Offer and whisky prohibited.



Cutty Sark's century-old reputation is honored by the Scots whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste...and the character only Cutty Sark can offer. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.

The Card Sharks

"Anything to declare?" "Yes," said the driver who had just crossed the Ambassador Bridge from Detroit to Windsor, Ontario, "bubble-gum cards." Pulling over and opening the trunk of his car, he proudly pointed to stacks of shoeboxes containing thousands of picture cards of baseball players. To Canadian customs officials, it was one of the strangest cargoes they had ever seen. To Frank Nagy, 49, it was simply a representative sample of his 500,000 baseball cards, a collection that places him in the front ranks of those who participate in one of the U.S.'s most popular but least publicized hobbies.

Baseball-card collecting, still largely a kids' pastime, has recently been heavily infiltrated by serious adults. Last month 500 collectors from mid-America convened at the Detroit Hilton Hotel for the second annual Midwest Sports Collectors Convention. For two days collectors bought, sold and swapped cards portraying players as famous as Babe Ruth and Tris Speaker and as little known as Elon (Chief) Hogsett, a



NAGY WITH PART OF COLLECTION
Stocks and bonds.



HONUS WAGNER



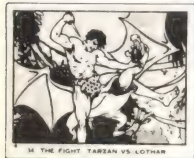
INDIAN CHIEF



GOMEZ



MAX SCHMELING



TARZAN v. LOTHAR
G-men and Beatles.

Detroit Tigers and St. Louis Browns pitcher in the '30s and '40s.

Although baseball cards far outnumbered other kinds shown at the convention, trading was also brisk in cards that featured subjects ranging from birds to Presidents. Such variety is particularly fascinating to Richard Reuss, a teacher of folklore at Detroit's Wayne State University and the owner of a 40,000-card collection. Says Reuss: "They very much reflect American life, from the 1930s when it was G-men and early airplanes, to the '60s when the Beatles and spacemen were popular." Between conventions a great deal of trading is done by mail.

There are no fixed prices in the bubble-gum-card market. "It's like investing in stocks and bonds," says Collector Nagy, who is a mechanic by trade. He has turned down offers of \$1,500 to \$2,000 for his prize card, a 1910 Honus Wagner. One of Reuss's most treasured cards is the first Bob Feller, issued by the now extinct Leaf Gum Co. in 1948. It was worth \$35 until several other originals turned up, dropping its price to only \$20.

Monthly Magazines. Most collectors get their new cards from Topps chewing-gum packages or Kellogg's cereal and Milk Duds candy boxes. Collections are diversified by trading at conventions or by mail. Some of the most valued cards have been found moldering in attics and garages. Some collectors run their own auctions, notifying fellow enthusiasts through monthly card magazines such as *Trader Speaks* and *Who's Who in Card Collecting*.

In 1963 New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art unblinkingly accepted a large card collection donated by Jefferson Burdick, a Syracuse ad salesman. The Burdick collection includes cards on everything from battleships to mov-

ie stars and is shown by appointment only. Says Roberta Wong, a librarian at the Met: "Each period has its representative minor art. Why shouldn't we have bubble-gum cards?"

A Lift for Men

The Orient is not the only place where loss of face is avoided at all costs. Western women for years have been paying plastic surgeons to smooth over the wrinkles of time. Men, however, have usually accepted the inevitability of the sagging jowl, droopy eyelid and other facial evidence of aging.

No more. In line with the rising sales of hairpieces, colognes, purses and rainbow-colored clothing to increasingly vain males, American men are now seeking out plastic surgeons for face-lifts. All in all, about 250,000 Americans had plastic surgery last year, female patients outnumbering males by 20 to 1. But the ratio is rapidly changing. "I have noticed a definite upsurge in the number of male patients in recent years," says Dr. Robert Fischl, a Manhattan plastic surgeon. "About one in four of my patients is now a man."

Many of these men are entertainers, but more and more businessmen have come to recognize the potential of the uplift market. Says Art Holmes, a Los Angeles insurance broker: "Let's face it, when you reach 50, you begin to look it. If you're in a business where you have to stay young, plastic surgery is the answer." Holmes, 50, whose associates are younger than he is, felt that the bags under his eyes might hold him back professionally and made a quick decision after he saw what Dr. Kurt Wagner, a Beverly Hills surgeon, did for his girl friend. "I told Wagner: 'I want what you did to Jan.'" A week later, he underwent a three-hour, \$800 blepharoplasty (eyelid operation). "Now," jokes Holmes, "I look into the mirror every morning and say: 'God you're beautiful.'"

Happiness Surgery. Wagner averages 30 operations a week, one-third of them on men. The reason, he thinks, is that "we are enjoying a renaissance of the peacock look for men." Says another Beverly Hills plastic surgeon, Dr. Byron Hardin: "A lot of stigma used to be attached to plastic surgery for men; there was a tendency to associate it with entertainers and homosexuals. But it's not freaky any more—it's just part of good grooming. I call it happiness surgery."

Fixing turkey-gobbler necks costs about \$500; smoothing out cheeks runs an estimated \$1,250 to \$1,500, while eyelid surgery costs from \$600 to \$1,000, and a full face-lift (rhytidectomy) can cost up to \$2,500. Most of the males who pay those prices are in their 40s or 50s, and many of them are separated or divorced. For the married, the operation has hazards as well as benefits. Warns Hardin: "One of the aftereffects of a face-lift is often divorce."



BOOKS

SARAH BERNHARDT RECLINING IN HER SALON

Marcel's Wave

MARCEL PROUST: A CENTENNIAL VOLUME, edited by Peter Quennell. 216 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$12.95.

It takes talent to recognize genius. Marcel Proust caught his first readers napping. One of the publishers to whom he submitted the first volume of his seven-volume masterpiece *Remembrance of Things Past* rejected it, explaining: "I cannot understand why a gentleman should employ 30 pages to describe how he turns and returns on his bed before going to sleep." When that first volume, *Swann's Way*, finally appeared in print in 1913—at Proust's expense—an influential critic dismissed the author as the "crudest of improvisers."

How things have changed. One hundred years after his birth (July 10, 1871), Proust is a critic's industry. "More has been written about Proust in many languages than about any other author of the 20th century," Proustian Scholar Roger Shattuck claimed a few years ago, counting over 3,000 items in bibliography. To which now can be added this slender volume of eleven essays of French, English and American Proustians collected by English Biographer and Critic Peter Quennell. The book is splendidly illustrated with a variety of period images ranging from lady bicyclists to Sarah Bernhardt reclining amid pillows, fringes and a polar bear rug.

Funny and Cruel. Latter-day readers with almost Proust-like patience have even counted the number of images contained in *Remembrance of Things Past*—4,578. The Master himself has turned into a series of literary images, perhaps at the expense of his own work. There is *le petit Marcel* in his fur-lined greatcoat, posed like a sad Charlie Chaplin. Or running from salon to salon: the funniest and cruelest young man in any room. Or

crouched motionless before a rose, as if he could devour it and the whole world just by looking. Finally attention is drawn to those eyes: great smudged pools, staring like a lover at life and death. The eyes of a Jew, a homosexual, an invalid and an artist—a foreigner to all countries.

What was his favorite Dickens novel? *Bleak House*. How did he like his coffee? Double strength. Was he a generous tipper? He overtopped.

What remains for the Quennell corps are mostly second siftings, attractively presented, which reinforce the charm of the whole Proust legend. The English novelist most often compared to Proust, Anthony Powell, contributes a pleasant little piece about "Proust as a Soldier." (When Proust was asked "What event in military history do you most admire?", he answered: "My own enlistment as a volunteer.")

The endless game of guessing who's really who in Proust gets another whirl from Novelist Elizabeth Bowen. She takes the character of Bergotte, Proust's fictitious writer of fiction, and after wondering briefly whether the original might have been Anatole France, finally decides Bergotte is really a "stand-in, scapegoat, whipping-boy for" Proust—particularly as a purple stylist and a snob.

Proust and fashions, Proust and the 19th century—no approach is too narrow, no approach is too wide. Proustians are forever arguing among themselves. In this short volume the Master is variously defined as a chronicler of society whose work was "a summing up of the nineteenth century" and, on the contrary, a "visionary artist" whose genius was to transcend time. He is described as a moralist who "judges" and "condemns" and a "visual writer" who *sees*. He is compared with French Impressionist paintings and Wagnerian opera.

Proust criticism remains more a mat-



PROUST AS A SOLDIER (ca. 1890)
As mystifying as life itself.

ter of saturation than of precision. He still gets praised a little abstractly as a technical innovator, a man who ran time present and time past on dual tracks and played with memory like a zoom lens. Read today, Proust gives curiously old-fashioned satisfaction: full-flavored character and a rich sense of time and place.

Possibly the best cultural and historic fix on Proust is that he was a man caught between two centuries. Proust valued three things in life: love, society and art. He became disenchanted about the first two, and out of this half-cured 19th century disenchantment he created his 20th century art—as tragic and as comic and perhaps ultimately as mystifying as life itself.

• Melvin Maddocks

Blue Thunder

1. PIG by Jack Muller with Paul Newman. 159 pages. Morrow. \$4.95.

More powerful than Abbie Hoffman! Faster on the guff than Bella Abzug! Able to leap Baron Munchausen in a single bound! It's Supercop Jack Muller, the Chicago letter-of-the-law man who for 25 years has been causing pain and embarrassment to that city's politicians, smug elite and privileged hoodlums.

As he comes through the pages of this snub-nosed autobiography, Muller is one of those literal-minded men who actually believe the law was written to apply equally to everyone. He has ticketed the ears of superior court judges, Governor William Stratton and even Mayor Daley. Once, Muller ticketed his



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own car which had been illegally parked by a friend. "It's on the level of traffic corruption where you first get your breakdown in law-and-order," says the 52-year-old cop. "If someone can fix a parking ticket with a cop or a judge or a politician, it won't be long before everything else is being fixed all the way to who runs for President of the country."

Muller expects the worst from human beings and has not been disappointed. He once arrested a court clerk in the act of taking a lawyer's bribe right under the judge's nose. He recalls walking into another judge's chambers to find His Honor *flagrante delicto* with a prostitute he had just acquitted. At a national Democratic Convention, Muller has observed an incumbent President staggering drunk and a naked call girl being thrown out of the hotel room of a prominent favorite son.

So it is with unrestrained pleasure that Muller—who neither drinks nor smokes but freely uses four-letter words—refers to himself with the radical epithet Pig. Having heard Mayor Daley instruct his police to suppress demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Convention, Muller even understands why the epithet is slung: "Personally, I didn't go for most of the antics of the Conspiracy Eight defendants, but if you've been around the courts as long as I have, you know what the Bobby Seales and Abbie Hoffmans were ranting about. You'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to see that our judicial system in America is rotten."

Periodic Headaches. Extremism in a good cause? Yes. But Muller's view is totally consistent with his life. The son of impoverished immigrant Jews, he grew up in the '20s on Chicago's West Side. Every trip out of his neighborhood was a patrol through enemy territory. As a child, Muller saw thugs extort money from his mother after threatening to break up her fish store.

Muller learned to hit back—a course of action facilitated by his increasing size and bulk. To hear him tell his adventures, he is a biblical avenger with a charmed life. Armed punks beg for mercy after a dose of his righteous fists. During World War II, he cold-cocks a Navy boxing champion with one punch. Japanese machine-gun bullets buzz between his legs as comrades fall around him. Nearly 15 years later, Muller's luck even holds when he stops a thief's bullet with his skull.

The inoperable fragments have left Muller with periodic headaches. But they are nothing compared to the discomfort he has caused his superiors. Even when transferred to quiet precincts where it was thought he could do no harm, Muller always managed to find a broken law that needed his immediate attention. In 1958, when he ran unsuccessfully for Cook County sheriff, city health inspectors began harassing his father-in-law's bakeries. In retaliation, Muller stationed himself outside



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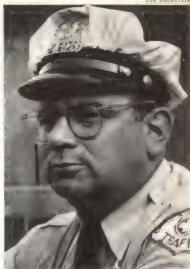
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JACK MULLER IN UNIFORM
Baron Munchausen on the beat.

the board of health and ticketed nearly every car that rolled out of the parking lot for not coming to a full stop at the street.

What makes Muller run despite constant setbacks? There are numerous psychological pigeonholes, ranging from exhibitionist to martyr complex. None of them, however, seems adequate to contain this proud, resentful man who, for example, can excuse his own excessive hatred of sex perverts by saying "Maybe there's something wrong with me [but] there's a helluva lot more wrong with them."

Unlike most of the people who will read his book, Muller really has seen men and institutions at their very worst. That he spares no middle-class sensibilities in describing what he has observed makes him a source of indispensable embarrassment.

■ R.Z. Shappard

Round and Round

WHEELS by Arthur Hailey: 374 pages. Doubleday, \$7.95.

Arthur Hailey writes holding-pattern prose. He advances one of his homunculi three-and-a-half pages toward ruin, then puts him in a holding pattern and moves some other character a totter or two toward temptation. But just before the dread jaws of fee-fi-fo-tum snap shut, there is another shift of attention, and the reader must tremble in behalf of a third wretch who has been circling perdition for two chapters, waiting for permission to land.

In the hands of a lesser romancer, the damaged elevator that dangled so defectively in *Hotel* might have fallen in the first chapter, or not at all. Hailey brought it out of its holding pattern at exactly the right moment, a dozen pages before the end, and all of the plot el-

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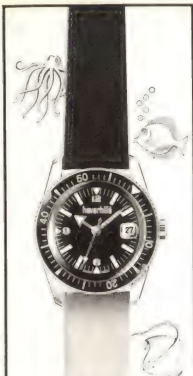
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ements fell into place: splat. Thus the reader is only mildly alarmed when, after several chapters of *Wheels*, Hailey's new novel about the auto industry, the president of General Motors has not reappeared. He was there on the first page, sleepy and cross because a defective electric blanket had given him a bad night. He tinkered with the blanket, fixed it, and drove out of sight in his Cadillac, headed for work. Trivial stuff, apparently, but the practiced Hailey reader knows that it may be important. In good time, surely, the author will reveal whether excessive G forces on the freeway caused the Cadillac's power ashtrays to malfunction, catalyzing a shake-up in G.M.'s ashtray division, or whether it was the electric blanket that turned savage later that day, grilling the G.M. president in a waffle pattern and creating a top-level vacancy for that bright young product-development exec, Adam Trenton.

Wobbling Plot. What plot there is in *Wheels* wobbles around the question of whether the "clean-cut and alert" Trenton can accept the ethics of the auto industry and whether he will open his blue eyes in time to see that he has been neglecting his wife, passionate and unfulfilled Erica.

It is usually said of Hailey that he does considerable research and gives his readers a lot of interesting information about, for instance, airports or hotels. This time he has not come up with much. Auto workers shoot H on company time, the reader learns. Never buy a car produced on Monday or Friday (an old counsel) because assembly-line absenteeism on those days results in sloppy work. Auto dealers are sly fellows. Industry executives do not unanimously approve of Ralph Nader. What Hailey neglects to use is astonishing: there is no union bargaining session, no Senate committee meeting, no sense of the deep, cold currents of power in Grosse Pointe. Moreover, the sleepy president of G.M. is not heard from after page 3.

This is bad Hailey—whatever good Hailey may be.

• John Skow

"I pick an idea that entuses me. I discuss it with Doubleday and with my wife Sheila. Then I take a year finding out in some depth about the people and the organization." The voice belongs to Author Arthur Hailey, 51, summing up the techniques that have earned him an honest million or more in the past dozen years, since he switched first from a job as a low-echelon executive in Toronto to TV writing, and then to blockbuster fiction.

Hailey followed the same methods in preparing *Wheels*. He was winced and dined by the auto industry, observed everything and interviewed everyone from assembly-line workers to G.M. President Edward Cole. Each night he dictated thousands of words to a tape recorder for a secretary to type

up afterward. With research in hand, he laboriously plotted and worked up minibibliographies of various characters, to be consulted when he got down to the actual writing.

In *Wheels*, Hailey knows (and shows) as much about Detroit as he ever did about hotels and airports. But the automobile industry has been so much in the public eye and conscience lately that Hailey's disclosures do not seem particularly new or revealing. To some tastes they will not seem damning enough either, but grumblings from Detroit indicate that the industry feels Hailey has been not entirely kind in returning the city's hospitality.

It is not that the book is a scandalous roman à clef. Detroiters agree that Hailey has skillfully put together his personalities as composites, as one might assemble a car with a fender from Ford, a Chrysler steering column and G.M. accessories. What seems to trouble Detroit is Hailey's assertion that assembly-line workers do not like their jobs, and the book's heavy emphasis on styling and new-model planning. Unhappy eyebrows have been raised, too, over the inclusion of a heavy-drinking, heavy-breathing stag weekend party for automotive executives, politicians and assorted hostesses.

Hailey stands by his book, which was scaling national bestseller lists less than a week after publication. After *Airport* he had enough money never to work again, but he is now thinking hard about his next subject. His publisher decided that Hailey's first choice, a big university, would not be fresh enough just now. Another project, the secret life of a large symphony orchestra, seemed too narrow. So Hailey is plunging into research on the great world of finance. The book's title, at least, is already read out of the way. It will be *Money*.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Exorcist, Blatty (1 last week)
2. The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (3)
3. The Other, Fryson (2)
4. Wheels, Hailey
5. The Drifters, Michener (4)
6. The Shadow of the Lynx, Holt (6)
7. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (9)
8. Theirs Was the Kingdom, Delacorte
9. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (7)
10. Penmarc, Howarth (8)

NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (1)
2. Any Woman Can, Reuben (6)
3. Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?, Raw, Page and Hodgson (4)
4. The Sensuous Man, "M" (3)
5. America, Inc., Mintz and Cohen (7)
6. The Female Eunuch, Greer (2)
7. Living Well is the Best Revenge, Tomkins (9)
8. The Gift Horse, Kest (5)
9. Without Marx or Jesus, Revel
10. The Ro Expeditions, Heyerdahl (10)



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